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THE Triumph OF LOVE OVER FORTUNE.

A Pleasant Novel.

Written in French *by that Great Wit of* France *M.* S^t. Bremond.

AND

Translated into English *by a Person of Quality.*

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The Triumph of Love over Fortune.

THE Sun had newly past the vernal Æquinox, the Earth breath'd Sweets, the Air was mild and temperate, the Face of Heaven ſmil'd, and all the World look'd gay and youthful, when a King of *Spain* (whoſe Name Hiſtory mentions not) accepting readily the tempting invitation of that charming ſeaſon, reſolv'd to take the Country-Air, and pleaſe himſelf with thoſe divertiſements a ſhort receſs from *Madrid* fairly promis'd him. He was a Prince fam'd for Gallantry and Magnificence, and of his Courtiers who could pretend to either, there was

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not one he took not with him to *Aranjues*; where, besides the pleasure they frequently took in Hunting, they were entertain'd with Balls and Dances, Opera's, Races, Tournaments, and other rare divertisements, wherein the Lords and Grandees of his Court wholly apply'd themselves to excel each other.

Aranjues is a House of pleasure, seated most deliciously, distant from *Madrid* a short days journey between that City and *Toledo*, well built and neatly furnish'd; but neither Furniture too rich, nor Building too Magnificent for a Palace-Royal and Residence of Majesty. The curious, who travel as far as *Madrid*, never forget to take a turn to *Aranjues* to view the Walks and Gardens there, as worth their sight; where the Bowers, the Water-works, the Grottes, the Fountains, Labyrinths, and other Ornaments entertain them with a pleasing

sing verdure; and by the joint favours of Art and Nature appears a charming Beauty. To compleat all, what can more delight the Eye than the fair Rows of Trees there of a prodigious height, in a Country which, for twenty Leagues about, scarce produces those of ordinary growth?

The King took more delight in that house (as fitted more for Liberty) than his Palaces of *Prado del Campo*, and the *Buen Retiro*, standing hard-by the Gates of *Madrid*. The splendor he lived in there was attractive enough to bring thither all the Nobles of his Kingdom, had they wanted inclination to follow him where e're he went: But he was a Prince who, to the height of State and Power, added so many charming qualities of personal Excellency, 'twas difficult to judge whether his Subjects love, or duty to him were the greater.

Never was Reign happier than

his. He was a comely Perſon, handſom and witty to admiration; Young, tall, nimble, and capable of all that's brave, or great; of noble inclinations, worthy the Crown he wore. Thoſe leiſure-hours his glory and cares of State allow'd him, he beſtow'd in Love and Gallantry: and no Man ever acquitted himſelf better, and came off with more applauſe.

The *Spaniards* have in all Ages been obſerved much inclin'd to jealouſie: the Women there are ſlaves to that paſſion, before they know what 'tis to love. Hence it is they are ſuch early Lovers: 'tis natural, eſpecially for Women, to long for that which is forbidden them. Revolt is with them a certain effect of Reſtraint: and a Husband jealous (though of the moſt honeſt Wife on Earth,) is upon the point of being made what he moſt fears to be.

In

In this King's time, the Court of *Spain* had put on a new Face, the courſe of things, at leaſt in matters of gallantry, was wholly alter'd, and Maxims introduc'd (quite contrary to thoſe formerly in vogue, but) in favour of the Gallants: And their Party being ſtrongeſt, the jealous were forced to ſlacken a little the rigor and ſtrictneſs of Ancient Cuſtoms to make way for New. The Ladies had free acceſs to all entertainments, and needed not thoſe ſubtil Intrigues, and Multitude of Confidents they formerly us'd to carry on their Amours; the Races, the Walks and the Plays, were the ordinary Rendezvous to make and appoint, and ſometimes to compleat and perform Aſſignations.

What a brave time was this for the *Spaniſh* Ladies! they think of it to this day with ſorrow 'tis paſt: and declare with indignation that the Name of this King, which thoſe

of his time ſuffer'd to be bury'd in oblivion, deſerv'd to have been engraved in Letters of Gold over the Chamber-Doors of all the gallant Ladies of his Court, and tranſmitted to Poſterity to be had in perpetual Veneration.

Amidſt the pleaſures of *Aranjues*, Love, jealous perhaps to ſee this Prince ſo long free, and not ſenſible of the power of his influence, reſolved to find him imployment by engaging him in an Amour the more difficult to manage, as having in it no pretence from Ambition or Fortune to countenance the purſuit: And the truth is, it gave him more trouble than an hundred others he had been engag'd in. This was not an Amour with the Daughter, or Wife of any Grandee of his Kingdom: He had already paſt through all the Degrees of his Nobility; not a Lord in his Court, but by a Wife, a Daughter, or a Kinſwoman was related to the

King. But the present Engagement was more extraordinary, as very remote from any thing of Pomp, or of Grandeur. 'Twas in a Garden, from among the Roses and Lilles, Love pick'd out a Beauty to charm the King: a Beauty to which *Aranjues* gave Birth.

Among the Courtiers (who made it their business to find every day some new divertisement for the King) one resolv'd to entertain him with a Shepherd who play'd excellently on the Flute. The King, a great Lover of Musick, (especially on those Country-Instruments) took extreme delight in hearing him play.

And finding that the Shepherd, besides his skill in Musick, had in all his actions an Air and Grace free from any clownishness, he was so taken with him, that he admitted him of his Musick, and gave him (as the rest) a Pension of two hundred Patacoons a year.

This generous bounty of the King had put another Shepherd into a tranſport of joy, but was received by *Antonine* with a calmneſs and moderation which aſtoniſht that Prince, and forc'd him, after a ſtricter examination of his Shepherd, now his new Muſician, to ſay, the Body of that plain Shepherd lodg'd a large and noble Soul. Some Lords taking notice of the pleaſure the King took in viewing him, (though they did not comprehend his thoughts of him) told the King, that to perfect the divertiſement, he muſt ſee dance to the Flute, the Gardiner's Daughter of *Aranjues*, the prettieſt Maid of all the Neighbourhood: The King immediately long'd to ſee her, and commanded ſhe ſhould come before him.

She came dreſt like a Nymph: and *Antonine* ſcarce began to play on his Flute, but ſhe fell a-dancing; and with that grace, that cadence, thoſe geſtures ſo proper and ſo taking,

king, that ſhe charm'd the whole Court. She was a Girl about fifteen years of age, having a little of the Country Meen, and Air, but nothing ruſtick, and a very pleaſing Face.

The King (none of the moſt inſenſible) firſt felt the force of her charms; every ſtep ſhe made, each geſture, every action of the little Country-Laſs were ſo many Magick Spells to inchant this Prince. He felt his heart ſeiz'd with an unaccountable ſudden joy, as ſhe drew near him in dancing, or look'd upon him; and 'twas not in his power to forbear, once or twice, diſcovering his Paſſion by Exclamations the whole Court took notice of.

This was the only pleaſure he took all that day; a pleaſure that troubled all the reſt they would have diverted him with at *Aranjues*. The little Maid was ſcarce withdrawn with the Shepherd, but the King fell into a deep melancholy, which put him

wholly out of humour. He had obſerv'd a familiarity betwixt 'em, which, though uſual among Country-People, ſeem'd to trouble him though he knew not why. The Ladies he had moſt eſteem for endeavour'd to divert him, but in vain; for he ſpent the reſt of the day in walking alone, to enjoy the pleaſure of his new Idea's.

He was reſtleſs all night, and could not ſleep, he thought a thouſand times of the little Country-Girl, and indeed could think of nothing elſe; he fancy'd her ſo beautiful and charming, ſo innocent, ſo Country-like, that his imaginations finiſh'd the work Love had but begun.

The Sun had ſcarce appear'd in his Chamber, but he got up; and being dreſt, went a walking in the Garden, where he ſent for the Shepherd to furniſh himſelf with a pretence for ſeeing the Girl, whom he preſently gave order for. Antazine

play'd

play'd on the Flute, the Girl danced; the king charmed anew with new graces he fancy'd he discover'd every moment in her, was more and more affected, and, in a word, deeply in love with her. No sooner had this Passion taken possession of his heart, but his jealousie of the Shepherd increas'd. He saw the Girl smile on him, and observ'd a tenderness expresst in every look she gave him; and that she took pleasure in speaking to him: and that the Shepherd discover'd some little complaisances of a Lover, both when he play'd, and when he came near her, which convinc'd the King there was between them a correspondence of affection. This vext the King at heart, and the more because his passion was so new he durst not yet reveal it: At last, unable to endure the torment of his own impatience, and unwilling to be longer witness of the Shepherd's happiness to which he

thought

thought himself contributary, he sent away the Gardiner's Daughter, but kept the Shepherd with him. He continued walking without speaking a word to any but Don *Augustin*, Marquess *de Las Tarrillas* his Confident and Favourite, to whom he reveal'd the secret of his affection, with expressions and sighs which sufficiently evidenc'd he had never been so deep in Love. The Marquess having observ'd the King had till then been taken only with Beauties eminent for Birth and Merit, was surpris'd to see him on the sudden fall so low. He was a dextrous Courtier, a great Master of the Art of pleasing Princes; but in spight of all his policy and complaisance for his King, he could not forbear telling him (with that liberty which brought him into favour) that an Engagement, that so ill became his Quality and Character, would occasion much discourse in a Country naturally too

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ſatyrical: "There are, Sir, adds he, in "your Court more accompliſh'd Beau- "ties, more Noble and Illuſtrious, "whoſe charms will not ſtain the "ſplendor of your affection. "Yes, "replys the King, there are Beau- "ties who love my Quality, not me; "whoſe kindneſs terminates in "themſelves, who pretend a paſſion "for me, only to ſerve their inte- "reſt, and raiſe their fortunes. Who "conſent to my deſires out of hopes "to be advanc'd by the affection of "a King: Take theſe hopes away, "and aſſure your ſelf of a repulſe. "Ah, Don *Auguſtin*, 'tis a miſery "for a delicate and tender Lover not "to know whether he ows his Con- "queſts to Merit, or to Fortune; or "at leaſt whether they are not gain'd "more by what appears without, "than what moves within. "But, "Sir, ſaid Don *Auguſtin*, conſider "'tis a Gardiner's Daughter. "Yes, "a Gardiner's Daughter, replys the "King.

"King; and pray, adds he in some "heat, what were such and such, "before I made them what they are? "And how many Grandees are there "this day at Court who owe their "rise to Love; and had it not been "for the gallantries of my Ancestors, "had perhaps been less than the Fa-"ther of this charming Maid. Con-"sider with your self what pleasure "it will be to me to gain the love of "that innocent Girl, who peradven-"ture knows not what Love is, till I "teach her; who desires not Riches "or Titles; whose kindness will be "an effect of my passion, and her "affection a Creature of mine.

Don *Augustin* finding by this di-scourse 'twould be in vain to endea-vour diverting the King from a pas-sion he had so deeply espous'd, ap-ply'd himself wholly (as is usual with those of his Character) to please him in serving his passion, and preserve himself the honour of his Confi-dence;

dence; telling him, he needed only to have the Gardiner ſpoken to, who would think himſelf too much honoured that his Majeſty ſhould vouchſafe his Daughter a look.

"Yes, replys the King; and ſhould "the Father be for me and deliver "me his Daughter, think you that "Sacrifice would ſatisfie my paſſion? "No, no, Don *Auguſtin*; the paſſi- "on I have for that amiable Crea- "ture is not ſuch as you imagine, "which a bare fruition may ſatisfie; "I muſt have her affection, or no- "thing, and cannot expect any reſt "till I have gained her heart. I con- "feſs the Enterprize appears diffi- "cult to take a Place by formal At- "taques, where Art, Wit, and per- "haps Merit will be uſeleſs: but "this, if I ſucceed, will render the "Conqueſt more worthy my affecti- "on, and heighten the pleaſure of "having obtain'd my deſire. You "ſpeak of Beauty, adds he, having

"walked

"walked some paces without saying
"a word, is there any thing so pret-
"ty in all the Court? and had you
"observ'd her stature, her parts, her
"meen, the grace attends all she
"says, all she does, durst you have
"told me there is any thing so
"charming in the World? Exa-
"mine her better, view her more
"strictly, and you will see there is not
"a finer Girl under Heaven. She
"has not the breeding of our Ladies,
"but is that a fault? is not pure Na-
"ture more amiable?

After a discourse so full of Argu-ments of Love, which the Marquess thought not fit to contradict, the King asked who the Gardiner was, and whom the Shepherd belong'd to. The Marquess being ignorant of both, could not give any satisfactory account; but had order to inform himself particularly where the Gar-diner dwelt, what Family he had, and how descended; and to take it

into

into his ſpecial protection and care: and to enquire who the Shepherd was, and whether he viſited the Gardiner's Daughter.

A Maſter is never ſerved with more cheerfulneſs than in his Amours, as the beſt Scene for the Servant to play his own Game in, eſpecially having hopes effectually to anſwer the Maſter's expectation, as Don *Auguſtin* had. He ſent that very day in ſearch of *Dorothy*'s Father, and after ſeveral diſcourſes about his Family, let him know he was in a fair way to come to as good fortune as a Man of his condition could wiſh. He ask'd him if he knew *Antonio*, and was fully inform'd by the Gardiner concerning that Shepherd: then he bid him have a care of his Daughter, whom he was to look upon as the Author of his good fortune, without giving further light whether the Marqueſs, or any other were concern'd in the advice. This was ſo

managed

managed by order from the King: And the Expreſſions (like infallible Oracles) coming from the Mouth of the Marqueſs *de las Torrillas*, whoſe Countenance was ſufficient to raiſe the fortune of the greateſt Subject of *Spain*, ſo tranſported the Good Man that he knew not how to make his acknowledgment for joy. The Marqueſs, to make good his words by ſuitable effects, put into his hand a Purſe of an hundred Piſtols, the moſt certain confirmation he could poſſibly have given the Gardiner of the News he had told him. He return'd home, ſo fully aſſur'd by what he had in his hand, of the favourable influence of his Stars, that he thought himſelf the happieſt, if not the richeſt Man upon Earth.

The Favourite having executed his Commiſſion, like a worthy Confident, goes to give his Maſter an account; and acquainting him with the Particulars of the Gardiner's Family,

mily, told him, he was fully inform'd he was a very honeſt Man, who lived very privately, not admitting into his Houſe any one might bring a ſcandal upon him: And that his Daughter *Dorothy* had the Reputation of a Maid ſo free from intrigue that ſhe had never been ſuſpected to have been engag'd in one. "And what of *Antonine*, ſays the King? *Antonine*, Sir, ſays the Marquels, is the "Son of a rich Shepherd near *Toledo*, "who was recommended to the Gar-"diner, and lodges at his Houſe. "*Antonine*, replys the King ſighing, "doth he Lodge at *Dorothy*'s Fa-"ther's? "Yes, Sir, ſaid the Mar-"quels, very much ſurpriz'd to ſee "how the King received the News "of it; but I believe there's no "cauſe to fear him. "More cauſe, "replys the King, more a great deal "than you think. "What, a Shep-"herd, anſwers the Marquels? "Yes, a Shepherd, ſays the King, a Shep-

"a Shepherd who hath all the good "qualities requiſite to gain the love "of a Shepherdeſs. Had you view'd "him with the Eyes of a Lover, you "would have quickly diſcovered "what 'tis to be ſuch a Shepherd. "Don *Auguſtin*, adds he, no Rival "is contemptible; to ſlight him, is "to loſe all. "But, Sir, ſays the "Marqueſs, you are his Maſter, and "may rid your hands of him when "you pleaſe: Theſe ſort of Lovers "have not ſo ſtrong inclinations as "we. Give him but a better Em-"ployment in another place than he "hath here, he'll yield up his Shep-"herdeſs to you, and quit all his pre-"tenſions to her. "You think ſo, "replys the King, but I do not. But "ſhould I comply with my affection "in taking your advice, what will "the World ſay of my removing the "Shepherd after the favour I have "ſhew'd him? will they not ſay I "have baniſh'd him? And the Wits,

"who

" who claim a soveraign jurisdiction
" to censure all actions, when they
" see me court this Girl; will they
" not say presently, I was jealous of
" *Antonine*? No, no, I am con-
" cern'd in Reputation to let him stay
" with her at the peril of having my
" passion made publick by removal
" of him: if he be a profest Lover of
" her, 'tis my part to endeavour gain-
" ing her from him. But I must first
" know how far he is advanc'd, whe-
" ther she is pleas'd with his addres-
" ses, or barely permits them, or
" loves him in good earnest. These
" Mysteries are never well discover-
" ed, but by those who have been in
" Love; a meer Confident cannot
" penetrate them: Therefore get
" two Suits made me after the Coun-
" try-Fashion; and let them be
" brought me to-morrow at my ri-
" sing: I will go in Person to the
" Gardiner's, to observe *Dorothy* and
" *Antonine*.

Any

Any Man but the Marqueſs would have boggled, and been ſcandaliz'd at a deſign ſo contrary to the *Spaniſh* Gravity, and unſuitable to Majeſty; but he was ſo well acquainted with the Gallantries of his Prince, and ſo verſt in the management of them for the King, who loved adventures and diſguiſes, that he was ready to fall a laughing at the Frolick: but reflecting they had no acquaintance, nor correſpondence at the Gardiner's, he apprehended ſome miſchance which might be laid to his charge. He repreſented it to the King as he carried him the Habits on the Morrow, telling him he expos'd the Majeſty of his Perſon to affront, by adventuring diſguis'd into a Man's Houſe he was not acquainted with. The King who lov'd not to be croſs'd, made him a ſhort anſwer, that in matters of Love he expected from a Perſon of his Character a great deal of Complaiſance, but no Coun-

Counsel; and that the advice he commonly took in those Cases, was only such as his affection suggested him. He put on one of those Suits, and the Marquess having taken the other, they went down a privy Stair which brought them to a Walk in the Garden; where they were no sooner entred, but they saw *Dorothy* picking Flowers. The jealous Prince, ravish'd with joy, made signs to Don *Augustin* to follow him without noise; and went with him into the Muses Bower, at the corner of the Walk, where they hid themselves from her. "'Tis an excellent op-"portunity, says the King to his Con-"fident, we must follow her to see "who the Nosegay is made for.

The patience of the Monarch, on this occasion, was admirable, but must be considered as an effect of his Love. At last *Dorothy* goes out, taking the way of the Long Walks, to the astonishment of the Parties concern'd, espe-

especially the Amorous Prince, who more curious than ever to know whither she went, follow'd her with no small perplexity and agitation of heart. It was not long but he might guess at her design; for they were scarce past the second Walk but they heard *Antonine*'s Flute, which the King thought not half so sweet then as formerly. He looked twice or thrice on Don *Augustin* without saying a word; but not able to conceal his jealousie longer, "You see "now, says he, whether I have not "reason enough to fear this Rival. "Ah, Don *Augustin*, my Curiosity "is like to cost me dear: but 'tis no "matter, let's go and see all. They went beside the Walks to avoid being seen by her: at last they saw *Dorothy* making up to *Antonine*, and presenting him with the Nosegay; which the Shepherd receiving with actions full of Love, and of Joy, took her by the hand, which she permitted

ted him to kiſs; a great Favour in *Spain*, and ſignifies ſomething more. This vext the Jealous King at the heart, to that degree of Impatience he was juſt making up to them. But *Dorothy* having not ſtay'd a moment longer with the Shepherd, the King advanced no further, but returned towards the Palace.

He was penſive and melancholy, and paſt thoſe ſhady Walks muſing of the happineſs of a Shepherd, which a King was forced to envy. He acquainted the Marqueſs with his thoughts; the Marqueſs told him, the beſt way to quiet his Spirits was to ſend away the Shepherd. 'But 'who can aſſure me, replies the King, 'that by removing him from *Doro-* 'thy's Perſon, I ſhall remove him 'from her affection. A months ab- 'ſence, Sir, ſays the Marqueſs, 'will aſſure you of it. Abſence, an- 'ſwers the King, too frequently 'ſtrengthens affection; and I am not

'now to learn oppoſition heightens 'Love. But I am content for the 'pleaſure of the Experiment, to try 'the means you propoſe. Give him 'a Place at *Buen Retiro*, and let him 'be ſent away this day.

Don Auſtin undertook the buſineſs. And having put off his Diſguiſe, went about *Antonine*'s Commiſſion, which was preſently diſpatch'd. The Office they gave him was to be Porter of his Majeſty's Palace of *Buen Retiro*, as the moſt proper for a young Man of his Character. They who carried him the order for it, made him underſtand it as an effect of the King's Bounty to him; though he did not take it ſo, but anſwered thoſe who congratulated his good Fortune, that 'He knew 'not what belonged to being a Por-'ter, that the King might honour an-'other with the Imployment, who 'might deſerve and perform it bet-'ter. As for him, he had kept ſheep

'all

all his Life, and would do nothing else. They preſt him however to undertake the Imploy; but the King having ordered no violence ſhould be offered him, and the Shepherd having deſired to ſpeak with the King before he ſhould be ſent away, they let him go.

The Shepherd went to the King, fell down at his feet, and with all humility begg'd of him not to overload and oppreſs him with his Bounties, but permit him to continue (as he had found him) a Shepherd; and not force him to quit a Condition he had devoted his Life to, and preferred before all others, aſſuring His Majeſty he was content, he was ſatisfied with what he had, and envy'd no Man. The King as ſoon as he perceiv'd *Antonine* come towards him, fell a-laughing; but when he heard him ſpeak, he ſigh'd; not for Jealouſie, but for very trouble it was not in his power to be ſo happy as the

Shepherd. How happy, thinks he, is this Shepherd, to have all the desires either of Love or Fortune? As he made these Reflections, he view'd him from top to toe. And admiring a young Man of that Condition should have sentiments so extraordinary, he had judged him to be quite other than he appear'd, but that he lookt upon't as (an effect though) a Miracle of Love. This Prince had a Soul too Noble and Generous, not to make his Jealousie vail to the merit of *Antonine*; so that he could not prevail with himself to send him away. He called for *Dorothy*, and the better to penetrate the secrets of her heart, told her, She might now take her Leave of *Antonine*, for he was sending him away to *Buen Retiro*, where he had business for him, and had given him a good Imployment. The poor Innocent was thunderstruck at this; her Blood flush'd into her face to compleat the Embellishment

ment of the moſt Charming Beauty on Earth: She ſuddenly made anſwer, She was ſure *Antonine* would not accept of the Employment, becauſe he had promis'd her he would die rather than part with her. 'But 'I would have him go thither, re-'plyes the King; it will be his ad-'vantage, and the making of his For-'tune; And will you be againſt it? 'No, Sir, ſayes ſhe; but I humbly 'beſeech your Majeſty to command 'my Father to let me go along with 'him to look to the Garden there. 'You love the Shepherd then I ſee, ſayes the King: And *Dorothy* making him no anſwer, he roſe, and not able to endure longer ſo tormenting a Dilogue, left her with *Antonine*. The Marqueſs (who was preſent there) follow'd the King, admiring no leſs the patience of his Prince, than charm'd at the paſſion of the two Countrey-Lovers. 'Well, *Don Auſtin*, ſayes the King to him, when they

got a little out of the Crowd, 'was ever Lover ſo unfortunate as 'I? Here is a Rival, and a Rival 'belov'd. I muſt of neceſſity either 'conquer my paſſion, or ſend him 'packing. Yet ſuch is my weak-'neſs, I cannot do the one or the o-'ther. The Favourite complying with the humor of his Maſter, anſwered, 'Twas in truth ſomething rare to ſee a Prince in Love (as he was) expreſs ſo much Goodneſs and Favour for a Shepherd, who ſtood in his way, and might croſs his Deſigns: But that ſometimes particular Engagements require particular Conduct. 'Hitherto, Sir, adds he, 'you have lov'd like a King: variety 'is pleaſant, and to change ſome-'times is very delightful. Perhaps 'you may find pleaſure in deveſting 'your ſelf of Majeſty, and addreſſing 'your ſelf to a Countrey-Girl, after 'the manner of thoſe of her Chara-'cter who court her. The King was willing

willing to do it; and to let the Marqueſs ſee how kindly he took the overture, he told him, That in Love-Policy the firſt thing a Lover is to do, is to accommodate himſelf to the Condition and humor of his Miſtreſs: And that thoſe Charming bonds of Sympathy, which link'd hearts into ſo cloſe an union, had their beginning from thence. However, they concluded *Dorothy* ſhould be taken from her Parents, and placed with ſome Lady of the Court, where the King might ſee her with more convenience and leſs noiſe.

The Marqueſs willing to have the honour of managing the Intrigue, and loth any other ſhould pretend to the Advantage he promis'd himſelf from it, propoſed to the King, That *Dorothy* ſhould be placed with the Marchioneſs his Wife; her Appartment being next the King's, (who was every day there) and the moſt convenient of any in the Palace.

The King had thought of it before; but the Marchioneſs, though young and handſom, made great profeſſion of Vertue, and ſtood much upon her Honour, which made the King fear ſhe would be hardly induc'd to accept a ſhare in that Confidence he was willing to repoſe in her. No man knew her better than the King, having been formerly in love with her, though without any conſiderable ſucceſs; which had not a little contributed to the haughtineſs of this Lady, and gain'd her the Reputation of an Extraordinary Merit. So rare are the Examples of Beauties whoſe Vertue is proof againſt the Paſſions of Kings: we muſt ſeek them in former Ages. In our days faults committed with Princes, are ſo far from being reputed crimes, that the offenders triumph in their weakneſs, and make their Infirmity their Glory.

The Marchioneſs *de las Torillas* might have pretended to the honour

of

of the Vertuous Ladies of Ancient Times, and the King after the experience he had of her Vertue, had reason to fear she would not be pleased with the Employment. But the Marquess, the most zealous of Favorites to do a Master service, had that confidence in the kindness his Lady had for him, and made the King believe so much of the power he had over her, that this Prince, who desir'd it as much at least as the Marquess, gave him leave to propose it to his Lady.

The Marquess took his time. Man and Wife can guess pretty near the good hour they may obtain what they desire of one another. *Dorastin* was of opinion the Lucky Moment was much about the time of first waking in the morning. After some little endearments and careles, for prologue to the ensuing discourse, he fell a-talking of Love; how it takes us when we least think on't.

and sometimes by objects that little deserv'd it: that this had happen'd to the King, whose affection had stoop'd so low as the Gardiner's pretty Daughter. That in truth it appeared a blemish to his Honour, which till now had not permitted him to place his affection on any object unworthy it. But that Love is Blind, and Kings are Men as well as others. He past then to the obligations they were under to their Prince, who daily bestow'd new Favours upon them: And when he came to the point of acquainting her with the King's desire to have the Gardiner's Daughter with her, he endeavour'd to gild over the proposal with the advantages it would bring them, to have in their Family a young Innocent thing who would be at their dispose; and by the passion the King had for her, was like to be one of the greatest Ladies at Court, and improve by that means their Credit and Favour. The

haughty

haughty Marchioneſs had not the patience to let him finiſh a diſcourſe ſo injurious to the Glory ſhe pretended to; but rejecting all that fair ſhew of Honour and Fortune to be purchas'd on ſuch ſhameful conditions, ſhe told him, He was a dirty and pittiful Fellow to undertake a buſineſs of this nature, and but think a Woman of her Quality and Vertue could act ſo baſe and unworthy a part. This confounded *Don Auſtin*, and had utterly defeated him, but that the King, who could not ſleep, came in to his aid. He was impatient to know the anſwer of the Marchioneſs, and entring her Chamber, found her very angry, and little diſpos'd to grant his requeſt. She gave him almoſt the ſame Language ſhe had given *Don Auſtin*, but temper'd with the Civility and reſpects due to Majeſty: But as ſhe complain'd of the ſmall value he had for her, after ſo many reaſons to eſteem her, ſhe added

He

he was Master there, and might dispose as he pleas'd of her Apartment; but she hop'd he would give her leave to retire, that he might have the more room, and she not incommode him. The King who never quitted a design he had espous'd, heard her without the least interruption. And when she had done, he spoke her so fair, and gave her such smooth and insinuating Language, that he made her believe it would not reflect upon her Honour to grant him his desire. In a word, he obtain'd her consent to take *Dorothy* for one of her Maids, and promis'd her she should be no further concern'd.

The King triumphing for the conquest he had gain'd over the Marchioness, the most haughty and tender of her Honour of all the Ladies of his Court, told the Marquess, He must go speak to *Dorothy*'s Father. The Gardiner brought his Daughter to *Don Austin*; and thought himself so much

much oblig'd for the Present of the hundred Pistoles, that he would in acknowledgment have brought him his Wife had he desir'd it.

Antonine was then tending his Sheep, and, at his return home, sufficiently surpriz'd not to find *Dorothy* there, and to hear she was gone to wait on the Marchioness *de las Torillas*, he stay'd not a moment at the Gardiner's, but would go learn of *Dorothy* what made that Lady take her into her Family. He had discover'd it was the Marquess would have honoured him with the Employment of Porter of *Buen Retiro*; and knowing he was seldom guilty of too much generosity, nor reputed very obliging, he suspected him for the favour he would have done him. And now, thinks he, the King hath the goodness to allow me to stay here, the Marquess must prefer *Dorothy* to wait upon his Lady?

Antonine, whose Wit (as well as

Birth

Birth) was too high for the Condition of a Shepherd, though he wore the habit, presently discover'd there was design in the Business: That the love he had for that Maid, and the kindness she expresst for him had been taken notice of: And some were grown jealous of him. But *Don Austin* was the Man he suspected, having no thought the King was concern'd. *Antonine* goes to Court, enters the Marchioness Apartment, and making use of that liberty the King's Favour allow'd him, he runs up and down, and at last finds his Mistriss, walking alone in a Chamber, where the Marquess had newly left her. He takes her aside, and being scarce able to speak for the trouble he was in, 'Dorothy, says he, 'you know I love you, and there-'fore may believe none more glad 'than my self for your good Fortune 'in being plac'd with the Marchioness 'de las Torillas. You will never have

'a

'a Fortune answerable to your merit
'and my wishes: But, to deal plainly
'with you, this design of taking
'you from your Father's bodes me no
'good. I am too sensible of it, I will
'not tell you why, nor how, for I
'cannot if I would: but there is
'something in it makes me terribly
'afraid. Nor that I can think you
'will change your affection with
'your Fortune: And that being
'made higher than you were, you
'will slight a Shepherd, who slights
'all for you. I have a better opinion
'of your Kindness and Constancy,
'and know you better principl'd than
'to give me cause to suspect you of
'any thing so mean. But, *Dorothy*, the
'Court is a dangerous place for a
'young thing as you are, and you
'quit the Innocence of our Woods
'to follow the Court. You are here
'in a House, where doubtless I cannot
'have the same liberty as at your Fa-
'ther's; nor see you but in the croud,

'nor

'nor ſpeak with you but before wit-
'neſs: What a torment will this be
'to a Shepherd that loves you as I
'do? who deſire to ſee you every
'moment, and have always ſome-
'thing to ſay to you. To theſe A-
morous reaſons he added a thou-
ſand conſiderations, which made
great impreſſion on the young Maid,
as ſpoken by one who had the gift
of perſwading her what-ever he
pleas'd. She was juſt going back
with him to her Father's, but *Anto-
nine* told her ſhe muſt not be too
haſty. And as he was upon acquaint-
ing her with the meaſures ſhe ſhould
obſerve, word was brought her the
King would ſpeak with her, and ſtay-
ed for her in the Marchioneſs's Cham-
ber. *Antonine*, who thought him-
ſelf ſo much in the King's Favour,
that he might without offence bear
Dorothy company, was willing to fol-
low her, as well to make an end of
what he had to ſay to her, as to ſa-
tisfy

tisfy the curioſity he had to know what the King would have with her. They came to the Marchioneſs's Chamber, where they found only *Don Auſtin* and his Lady, which was no ſmall help to make the Shepherd believe his firſt ſuſpicions were not ill-grounded, That the Marqueſs had a mind to *Dorothy*, and would have got ridof him by ſending him to *Buen Retiro*, and had plac'd her with his Lady, on no other deſign but to part him and *Dorothy*; and to make the eaſier prey of her Innocence, us'd the King's Name and Authority againſt him and her. To compleat his trouble, and convince him throughly of the misfortune he dreaded, they were ſcarce entred the Chamber, but the Marqueſs took *Dorothy* by the hand, and led her into another Room where the King ſtay'd for her, unſeen by *Antonino* who was left alone with the Marchioneſs. This Lady obſerving the

counte-

countenance of the Shepherd, fell a-laughing to ſee him look ſo pale and wan at his Miſtriſs being taken from him. And to prevent the ſuſpicion of being party to the deſign, ſhe reſolved to divertiſe her ſelf with diſcourſing of it; and to clear her Reputation ſhe came up to a window where *Antonine* was, and ask'd him ſmiling, how he durſt truſt *Dorothy* with the Marqueſs? 'I know not, 'Madam, anſwers he, but believe 'I muſt take my meaſures in that 'particular from you, who are e-'qually concern'd, and (I perſwade 'my ſelf,) have power enough to 'prevent any thing of that nature 'you had reaſon to fear. The Marchioneſs ſurpriz'd at the anſwer, would try a little further, telling him *Don Auſtin* was Maſter there, and his will was a law to her. 'I may, re-'plyes the Shepherd, ſay as much of '*Dorothy*, and with a great deal more 'reaſon: For I have not any right

'over

'over her, nor is she oblig'd to give 'me an account of her actions. But 'you love her, answers the Lady, and 'Lovers have great rights to their 'Mistresses. *Don Austin*, Madam, re-'plyes *Antonine*, is your Husband, 'and Marriage hath higher rights 'than Love can pretend to. The Marchioness, charmed with these re-parties so much above the capacity of a Shepherd, look'd upon him with admiration, viewing him a pretty while without saying a word. But to bring him in play again: '*Don* '*Austin*, sayes she, has found a pretty 'young Girl he likes better than me, 'and if he loves her, must I take it 'ill? No, Madam, answers *Antonine*, 'if you love him not: But I who love 'this Girl with an unparallel'd pas-'on, should, I confess, be at my 'Wit's end to see another partake 'with me the happiness of being 'lov'd by her. You are jealous then, '*Antonine*, sayes the Lady not able to

'for-

'forbear laughing. I really am ſo, Ma-
'dam, anſwers he, not that I think
'I have any reaſon for't on this occa-
'ſion, but that in truth I cannot for-
'bear it on any: And ſhould *Don*
'*Auſtin* deſign no more than diver-
'tiſement and do all this in jeſt, as I
'am perſwaded he does, yet is he
'guilty of the higheſt Cruelty ima-
'ginable, in tormenting a poor Shep-
'herd who hath no pleaſure of Life
'but the Love of his Shepherdeſs,
'wherein *Don Auſtin* gives us di-
'ſturbance without any reaſon. The
more the Marchioneſs heard *Anto-*
nine ſpeak, the more willing ſhe was
to give him occaſion of ſpeaking. She
had heard ſay he was very gentile in
his Expreſſions, and had a particu-
lar grace in ſpeaking, which was re-
ported the reaſon of the Kings loving
him as he did; but ſhe would never
have believ'd he had the Wit ſhe
perceiv'd in him, his diſcourſe having
more than ſurpriz'd her.

Don

Don Auſtin coming out of the King's Chamber, took his Lady aſide, praying her to ſend away the Shepherd; for if the King found him there, he would think ſhe had kept him with her of purpoſe to croſs his deſigns. *Antonine* ſeeing the Marqueſs come out, thought *Dorothy* was alone, and asked the Lady whether he might not be allow'd to ſee her. She told him, No; And that, if he might, ſhe would not adviſe him to't. 'It ſeems then, Madam, ſayes *Anto-* 'nine, *Don Auſtin* hath forbid it, and 'came in for that purpoſe, being jea- 'lous I would endeavour it; and 'you are willing to comply with 'him. No, no, anſwers ſhe ready 'to burſt with laughing, I'le ſecure 'you from *Don Auſtin*. He's not the 'Man y' are to fear: But 'tis enough, '*Antonine*, withdraw. What ſay 'you, Madam, you will ſecure me 'from the Marqueſs, and would have 'me withdraw: Can I be ſo unfortu-

'nate,

'nate, (addes he with a lamentable 'tone,) to have any other to fear? I 'know not, anſwers ſhe, but ſhould 'it fall out ſo, as poſſible it may, you 'muſt be chearful as you can: 'Tis no 'news for Lovers to have Rivals, and 'you may have a Rival may be more 'for your advantage than misfor-'tune. The Marchioneſs let fall theſe laſt words out of negligence and meer careleſsneſs, to manage (as ſhe might) an affair which procur'd at once her vexation and her ſcorn. Theſe haughty Ladies who glory in loving no body, and not admitting love from any, are jealous of all the World, when others are jealous only of thoſe they love. The Shepherd fix'd his Eye on her awhile, as if he would have read in her Countenance the truth of what ſhe had ſaid. 'More for my advantage, Ma-'dam! replyes he, Can it be for 'my advantage to be robb'd of all I 'love in the World? The more po-

'tent

'tent the Rival, the greater the miſ-
'fortune; and I ſhould be very ſorry
'he ſhould prove ſuch as you ſay.
'Oh Heavens! cryes he, not giving
'her time to anſwer, ſhould he be
'the Man I imagin! and ſhould
'I have been born to ſo much miſ-
'fortune! He pronounced theſe words with ſo vehement action, and ſo loud a voice, the Lady was afraid the King had heard him; and that ſhe might be charg'd with having ſpoken too much, the Shepherd having fully diſcover'd what ſhe thought ſhe had not half told him. She took him by the hand, and mov'd with the tears ſhe ſaw him ſhed, bid him (with an air of Complaiſance) trouble himſelf no further, but come again, and he ſhould ſpeak with *Dorothy* who could better inform him.
'Ah! Madam, anſwers he, I am un-
'done, I know too much from you.
With that he went out ſo oppreſt with grief he was ſcarce able to ſtand.

The

The Marchioneſs was troubl'd to ſee him gone, becauſe ſhe had not given him more comfort at parting; but ſhe was ſo aſtoniſht at what ſhe had heard that ſhe could hardly believe her ſenſes. She had not only never ſeen a Shepherd who could diſcourſe as he had done, but never known any ſo tender a Lover. She could do no other all day than think with what grace and what tranſports he expreſt his paſſion: And ſhe obſerv'd in his ſentiments ſomething ſo noble, ſo rare and ſo moving, that without being guilty of downright inhumanity, ſhe thought it impoſſible not to be affected with them. But by perſwading her ſelf of this truth, ſhe found her heart unquiet, and did nothing but ſigh all the night long. She ſaw not the conſequence of it, or at leaſt would not ſee it. She who had the haughtineſs and height of Spirit to deſpiſe and reject the addreſſes of a Crown'd Head, could not fancy her ſelf

ſelf capable of the weakneſs to make account of a poor Shepherd. She had indeed pitty'd his tears, but ſhe thought that was all.

The King the hotteſt Lover in the World, being never at eaſe but when *Dorothy* was in ſight, yet unwilling notice ſhould be taken of his violent inclinations for her, gave order for ſome days all the Divertiſements of the Court ſhould be in the Marchioneſs's Apartment, where very few had entrance; and of thoſe few who were admitted, poor *Antonine* could never make one, though he endeavour'd to get in all the wayes in his power. This troubled him the more, as having not been able to reſt day or night ſince his laſt diſcourſe with the Marchioneſs, nor ever likely to be at eaſe, till he could ſpeak with his Miſtreſs.

The Marchioneſs who would have been very glad to ſee him, admiring he was not come to her for many

days, knew not what to think on't. She spy'd him one morning walking under her windows, and having made signs to him to come up presently, gave order to an old Housekeeper, her Confident, to let him into her Chamber as privately as possible. 'Antonine, says the Marchioness, methinks of a Lover so passionate as you, y' are soon comforted for the loss of your Mistress. I cannot yet think her altogether lost, Madam, answers he, nor guess at the reason they were so cruel to deny me the favour of seeing her. You must look you out another Mistress, Antonine, says the Lady, and such a Shepherd as you are may have your choice. Look out another, Madam, replyes Antonine, with a tone that sufficiently evidenced his grief and surprize, she must be first false to me, and I very clearly convinc'd of it: Besides, I know not whether after all I should not rather

choose

'choose ceasing to live than to love 'her. But, Madam, adds he like a 'Man in affright, is it from her you 'give me this advice, and has she 'no more mind to me? I do not say 'so, answers the Lady, I believe *Do-* 'rothy loves you: But 'twere better 'for you to think of another in time, 'and I tell it you as a Friend. As 'long as *Dorothy* loves me, replyes 'the Shepherd, 'twill be impossible 'for me to change. And did you 'but know what 'tis for a Lover like 'me to quit his Mistress, you are too 'generous, Madam, to advise me to't: 'But if *Dorothy*, adds he in a very 'pressing and curious manner, be not 'false to me, why should I quit her, 'Madam, unless you take it ill I 'should make love to her in your Fa- 'mily. No, *Antonine*, answers the 'Lady, you are too expert and dis- 'screet a Lover to be found fault 'with for making Love: I will give 'you no trouble in't. But——

She ſtopt there. 'Ah! Madam, ſays the Shepherd, ſeeing her make 'a ſtop, what torment have you put 'me to for three or four days, that 'you have left me in doubt whom I 'am to fear! The Marchioneſs bid him come again at nine a clock at night, when the King went to Councel, and ſhe would let him ſee *Dorothy*, who would tell him what ſhe was loath to let him know, being very unwilling to be the firſt ſhould give him ſo ill news.

Antonine content with this hope, though rack'd with ſuſpicion, returned home to wait with impatience the hour was aſſign'd him.

The Marchioneſs was more charmed than ever with the merit of the Shepherd. She found in him the Character of ſo tender and paſſionate a Lover, ſhe confeſt no heart could be ſo inſenſible not to be affected with him. And for her part, her haughtineſs in ſlighting Love, muſt

own an abligation to the Court for producing no Lovers, but what were corrupt: And she doubted now and then, whether it were not pardonable in a Lady of her Quality and Honour, to love a Shepherd as *Anconius*. These doubts and Reflections were so strong and so piercing, her heart which at first felt only the point of them, found it self at length very deeply wounded: But she would not yet complain of it, because the wound, though dangerous, had something of pleasure in't which charm'd away the pain. In these vertuous Souls so little accustom'd to love, the least touch proves an incurable wound: they rely upon their haughtiness, and their Greatness of Spirit, which often abuses them, & is sometimes the instrument which betrays them to Love. The fair Marchioness full of her New Ideas, was drown'd in an Amorous amusement from morning till night, when the

King entred her Chamber with *Dorothy* by the hand, and pray'd her she would for a little while take his little Mistress into her care, and he would presently return. The Lady's thoughts were at that time so distracted, she heard not a word the King said, and knew not what to answer him. He was not well pleased with it; and discovering a coldness and melancholy in her countenance, he would have ask'd her the reason; but was hastned into the Council by business of extraordinary importance. *Dorothy* remain'd with the Marchioness, who taking an exacter view of her than formerly, thought her handsomer than ever; or that she appeared so at least to her who already began to be jealous. She ask'd her if she had not a desire to see *Antonine*: to which *Dorothy* having answered with a blush, 'twas long since she saw him, and she would be very glad to see him. Now, the Lady reply'd, she

should see him that evening, but the King must not know it: she had hardly done speaking, but *Alice* the House-keeper came in to let her know *Antonine* was at the door. The Marchioness bid *Dorothy* go into the Closet, to surprize him the more. She was willling to have the pleasure of seeing him a moment in private, and make him sensible the obligation he had to her for the goodness she express'd towards him. And it was no small favour for a Lady, who in point of honour had refus'd to intermeddle with the Amours of a King, to make her self the Confident of a Shepherd and a Gardiner's Daughter. So much do we differ from our selves as occasions moves us, so easy a matter is it to dispense with scruples our passion are inclin'd to remove.

'You are very punctual, *Antonine*, 'says she, as he came in, and if I 'mistake not, are come a little sooner

than I appointed you. Time ſeems 'long to thoſe in Love, Madam, an-'ſwers he; and they are ſo fearful of 'coming too late to ſee their Miſtreſ-'ſes, they are always the firſt at the 'place of *Rendez-vous*. I have pro-'mis'd you, ſays the Lady, to let 'you ſee your Miſtreſs this evening, 'but do you know what a hazard I 'run, & what trouble I ſhall create my 'ſelf, if this ſhould be known? Get 'you into that Cloſet for fear of be-'ing ſeen; and if *Dorothy* comes to 'you, think very much your Friend. *Antonine*, not to loſe moments ſo precious, expreſt more by actions than words how ſenſible he was of the favours ſhe did him; and open-ing the Cloſet-door was extremly ſurpris'd at the ſight of the fair *Do-rothy* dreſt all over with Jewels. The young Lover raviſh'd with joy, run preſently to him. But he received her with that coldneſs and ſadneſs, her heart was almoſt froz'n with fear:

And

And she forbore her caresses to quarrel him for expressing no more joy at the sight of her after so tedious an absence. He sigh'd and made no other answer: *Dorothy* more troubled than before, ask'd him as one affrighted, what the matter was he us'd her so: The Shepherd was unwilling to be the first should reproach her for what she perhaps did not yet know; and and he had need enough to be better inform'd of, not to accuse her without cause. He ask'd her first, whence she had all those Jewels he saw about her. *Dorothy* answer'd the King had given them her, and very ingenuously told him all the Visits and fine promises he had made her, and in a word all that past since her coming to the Marchioness. *Antonine* heard her out without saying a word, then turning another way in a mortal affliction, he lift up his eyes and hands to Heaven without further explaining himself. But *Dorothy* frightned

at the action, pray'd him ſo earneſtly, adding ſo many careſſes and tears to her prayers, that the Shepherd could no longer deny her the explication ſhe begg'd of him, who was ſufficiently concerned without her intreaty to eaſe his heart a little by ſpeaking his mind. 'Dorothy, ſays he, the 'King is in love with you. Well, I 'know it, anſwers ſhe, but if he loves 'me, he loves you too; and what 'harm in that? What harm, replyes 'the dejected *Antonine* with a deep 'ſigh; None, but that I ſhall never 'ſee you more, but die with deſpair. 'And why ſhould you die, ſays ſhe, 'alarmed at theſe words; and why 'ſee me no more, when the King 'who loves you, takes ſo much plea-'ſure to ſee us together. Yes, re-'plyes *Antonine*, do not you ſee that 'theſe three or four days I am not al-'low'd the liberty to enter this Ap-'partment? But 'tis over, I am un-'done, and you are to expect no more

'of

'of me but my death. Poor *Dorothy* oppreſt with grief at this Diſcourſe, gave free courſe to her tears, and embracing him tenderly, ask'd him what reaſon he had to wiſh for death, ſince ſhe loved him above her Life. 'What am I the better for your 'Love, anſwers the Shepherd, when 'my Rival is poſſeſſed of you all day, 'and courts you, and is a King and 'can do what he pleaſes. Ah! how 'unfortunate am I! Never fear the 'King, ſays the innocent *Doroth*, for 'he hath promiſed me he will ne-'ver do any thing to diſpleaſe me. *Antonine* asked her, on what account he made her that promiſe; ſhe told him, it was upon occaſion of ſome little Favours he would have obtained of her. A cruel explication for one ſo deeply in Love! He look'd upon her with a languiſhing Eye, and dying away for fear of hearing more than he deſired to know, he fell into a mournful and ſad ſilence; he was

juſt

juſt expiring for grief, when on the ſudden he heard the King's voice in the Marchioneſſes Chamber. Nothing could have happened more effectual to fetch him again, than the approach of his Rival, jealouſie being the paſſion that beſt quickens and moſt heightens the courage of a Lover.

This Prince was under an Amorous impatience too ſtrong to permit him to ſtay long in the Councel: Affairs of State, and of Love never agree well, not that they are incompatible, or that a Great Genius is incapable to bear at once the burthen of both. But this is very rare, and 'tis commonly ſeen he that acquits himſelf well of the one, is a little negligent of the other. This Prince having very able Miniſters, rely'd on them for the conduct of the State, that he might intirely apply himſelf to his affairs of Love. He was much addicted to that paſſion, and more

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ſenſible of the Pleaſure that attended it, than ambitious of the Glory of good Government: while they treated in his Cloſet of the moſt important affairs of his Crown, his mind was in the Marchioneſſes Chamber, where he had left his Heart with his Miſtriſs; but he was not a little ſurprized not to find her there at his return. He asked the Lady what was become of her; ſhe anſwered very coldly ſhe knew not. 'I thought, Madam, anſwers the 'King, having left her to your Care 'a few minutes, I might have had a 'better account from you. I de- 'ſir'd it of you, 'tis an innocent Crea- 'ture, and knows not how to behave 'her ſelf; you might without wrong 'to your ſelf have inſtructed her a 'little, and told her ſhe was to wait 'my coming. But I perceive what 'the matter is---- I did not think, 'Sir, replies the Lady, that in leaving 'with me a Gardiners Daughter, you

desir'd I should be her Governess. No indeed, says the King, but if you should be her Governess, think you that to be employ'd so on my account could be a dishonour to you. Ah Sir! answers she, with an affected smile, I come of a Blood--- And you might have come (says the King, interrupting her angrily) of the best Blood of *Castile*, and have esteemed it an Honour, to serve a King as I am in any manner whatever. With that he went out very little satisfied with the proceedings of the Marchioness, and sent for Don *Austin* to make his complaints to him. *Antonin* and *Dorothy* were in very great perplexity having heard part of the discourse, but the Shepherd was the more troubled of the two. The Lady bid *Dorothy* come into the Chamber, that if the King came back again, as she feared he would, he might find her there. As for *Antonin* she thought it not con-

convenient to let him come out for fear of being seen, and perhaps met by the King who was not far off: the mean time she fell to instructing *Dorothy* what to say to the King, if he should question her for the little Eclipse she had been under: but she was forc'd to cut off her Lesson short, for the Amorous Prince impatiently desirous to know if she were returned, came presently back and entred the Chamber with anger in his Face and much discompos'd, but at the sight of *Dorothy* his Choler vanisht, and he recovered his good humour.

The Marchioness would have helped *Dorothy* to make her excuse, and at the same time make her own peace with the King: But he could not hear her, but said he was satisfied; but entreated her to lend him her Closet, to pass a few minutes with *Dorothy* there. This put the Lady into an extraordinary

nary perplexity, with all her coldneſs and indifferency ſhe could not forbear bluſhing; ſhe knew not on what pretence to deny him; the key was in the door, and ſhe was ruin'd if the King found *Antonin* in the Cloſet. Poor *Dorothy* was no leſs diſordered, and though ſhe thought ſhe had no cauſe of being in fear for her Shepherd; yet ſhe could not rid her ſelf of the fear that follows things done in private. Had the King taken notice of her looks, they had all been undone. She had not then learnt the Art of concealing or commanding her paſſion: but by good fortune the King's Eyes were fixt on the Marchioneſs, who aſſiſted with the readineſs of Wit, which never fails an able Woman at need, entreated him to ſtay a moment till ſhe had put the Cloſet in a condition to receive them, every thing being out of order there. The King though in never ſo great haſte (believing

ving Ladies Closets are often full of several things that belong to their dresses, and they are very willing Men should not see, and that this was the cause of her blushing) gave her leave to put it in order. She went into the Closet, and not well knowing where to hide the poor Shepherd, she put him under a bed of Repose, where he lay coop'd up in a very narrow room. This done she came out to make way for the King, who entred with *Dorothy* and made her sit with him on the same Bed. Well *Dorothy*, says the King, you will never love me. The poor Girl who knew not what was become of *Antonine*, surprised to miss him in the Closet, looked all about, sometimes this, sometimes that way, without answering the King, who continued his discourse; 'I may tell you I sigh 'and die for love of you, you can 'give me the hearing without pitty-'ing my sufferings for you. *Dorothy* heard

heard not a word he ſaid, 'twas kindneſs thrown away; ſhe was troubled for her Shepherd, and her ſenſe as well as mind was wholly taken up with thinking what was become of him. The King thinking 'twas the Ornaments, the guilding and rarities of the Cloſet amuſed her, took her by the hand to make her look towards him; 'Look upon me, and anſwer what I ask you, you little 'Baggage, will you never love me? 'Yes, Sir, ſays ſhe, if you will promiſe me not to ſend away *Antonine* 'from *Aranjuez*. And who told 'you, replies the King, I deſign to 'ſend him away--- No, Sir, ſays ſhe, 'I was not told ſo, but I know 'not why they will not let me ſee 'him, and I am afraid if I love you, 'you would not have me love him 'too: And if I allow you to love 'him, anſwers the King, will you 'love me in good earneſt, or at leaſt 'as well as your Shepherd? *Doro-*

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thy made him no answer, not knowing how to resolve that point without having *Antonine*'s advice in that case. The King fell a-laughing, and pressing her farther, 'Is it 'possible, says he, you should think it 'so hard a matter to allow a King a 'share with the Shepherd in your 'heart. Any other but you would 'have quickly ended the difference, 'and no other but my self would be 'content with what I ask. You are 'not just, *Dorothy*, you demand of 'me what I ought not to grant you, 'and you make a business and a diffi-'culty to grant me what cannot but 'be for your Glory. You are afraid 'I should send away *Antonine*, you 'complain you cannot see him; you 'would, if you love me, have me 'allow you to love him too: these 'are strange conditions. And yet if 'I ask you whether you will love me 'as much as him, you will not answer 'me. What are you afraid of? I

'would

'would not have you consider me as 'your King: among Lovers matters 'should be equal at least. Let's come 'to Articles, *Dorothy*, addes he smi-'ling, and if I grant you yours, you 'must not refuse to sign mine. *An-'toine* shall stay at *Aranjuez*, you 'shall see him and love him: This is 'for you. Now for my part, you 'must love me as well as him, and 'do me the same favours you do him, 'and if in time you find my care and 'my passion for you greater than the 'duties he pays you, without bring-'ing my Character or your duty to 'me into account, you will be con-'tent to be intirely mine.

This Prince, who was infinitely witty, would not make use of a Court-gallantry to gain the affection of an innocent Countrey-Girl. He was above it, and made use only of plain native simplicity, so much the more delicate as it suited her capacity and wrought more effectually on her.

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The truth is, it ſhook her. So that the Monarch to take th'advantage of the agreement, began with kiſſes which ſhe could not refuſe him after the promiſes he had made her in favour of *Antonine*: But the Shepherd ſcarce heard the ſmack of 'em, but all in a rage he pinch'd her by the Leg. This ſo frighted the poor Girl, that ſhe skrick'd, which aſtoniſht the King. He ask'd her what the matter was; ſhe told him ſomething had bit her. By good luck for *Antonine*, there ſtood between the King and *Dorothy* a little Bitch of the Marchioneſs's which came with them into the Cloſet; the King thought her guilty of the aſſault, and with great animoſity drove her out of the Cloſet. But *Dorothy*, having had time to recover her ſelf a little from the fear ſhe had been in, judg'd her hurt came by the hand of a Man, rather than the teeth of the little Bitch: And reflecting immediately on *Antonine*,

ſhe

she made no doubt but 'twas he, and that he lay hid under the Bed of Repose. The King having assur'd her she need not fear being bit any more, would have been at his former sport; but *Dorothy* would not agree to it, having understood by her Shepherd's action what she had already done had not pleas'd him. The Prince press'd her, and ask'd why she would be so cruel; but all was lost labour, she would not be brought to't for fear *Antonine* should bite her the second time. 'You know our Agreement, '*Dorothy*, says the King seeing her 'obstinacy, I shall not be oblig'd to 'keep my promise with you if you 'refuse what I demand of you. You 'must love me as well as you do *An-*'*tonine*, and express the same com-'plaisance for me as for him, if you 'have a mind I should allow him a 'a sight of you, and not send him 'away from *Aranjuez*. *Dorothy* much troubled at these threats, knew not

not what to answer. In the mean time she granted nothing, but defended her self still against the King's importunity, who thinking her lightness an effect of her humour, and attributing to it her refusing him so obstinately what she had granted at first without any difficulty, he easily flatter'd himself with hopes to obtain it another time, and without pressing her further that evening, retir'd.

Antonine no sooner saw him gone, but he crept out of his prison, grievously tir'd with staying so long there. *Dorothy*, to make him amends was liberal of her caresses, but found him not so well pleas'd with her as to return them: His heart smarted still with the sound of the kisses the King had received of her, or at least given her, which made *Antonine* requite her caresses with reproaches. The Marchioness came in presently, and observed a little coldness between the two Lovers, which she took no great

care

care to remove. And Don *Anſtin* coming in from the King, there was a neceſſity of parting.

The fair Ladies went out of the Cloſet, where they lock'd in *Antonine*, and the Marchioneſs went to *Dorothy*'s Chamber not far from her own; and having reſolv'd to ſtay there till the Marqueſs were abed, that ſhe might return to *Antonine*, ſhe made *Dorothy* relate all that paſt in the Cloſet.

The Shepherd waited with impatience enough to know what they would do with him. He could have been content to paſs that night in the Cloſet, in hopes of an opportunity to ſee *Dorothy* in the morning, having not yet told her half what he had to ſay to her, being juſt upon loſing her, not by any falſeneſs of hers, which he knew her incapable of, but through her innocence which madded him. He had a thouſand reflexions on what had paſt that evening, and the very

conjectures he drew from them were very displeasing: when on the sudden the Marchioness, opening the door softly, entred smiling, and having shut it after her, 'Well *Antonine*, 'says she, with a low voice, you are 'my Prisoner. 'Tis true, Madam, 'answers he, I am so, and 'tis no small 'honour for a Shepherd to have so 'fair a Lady (as you are) to his 'Goaler. This Answer was a little too Gallant for a Lover, who should have then been full of trouble and care, but he thought himself obliged to some sweetness and complaisance, towards a Lady who had been so much his Friend. 'You are con-'demn'd to stay here all Night, says 'the Lady. I shall not complain of 'my sentence, Madam, replies the 'Shepherd, and would to God it were 'all the ill I am like to suffer here. The Lady presently understood he reflected on the King, but having a design to turn the discourse another

way, she made as if she had not apprehended him; 'there shall no ill 'befall you here, says she, unless the 'Marquess chance to awake, and 'have the curiosity to come and see 'what I do thus late in this Closet. 'What would he say to find you a-'lone with me here at this hour, and 'what would you do, if you had not 'time to hide your self? I know not 'in truth, Madam, says *Antonine* 'laughing, what I should do, but 'what could he suspect of a poor 'Shepherd? Do you think because 'you are but a Shepherd, answers 'she, a Husband could rest satisfied? 'The Marquess, Madam, answers '*Antonine*, is too well assured of 'your Virtue, to have any cause to 'fear the most presumptuous at-'tempts. The most severe Virtue, 'replies the Marchioness, may be lya-'ble to suspition (with Men less jea-'lous, and less interested than the 'Marquess) when expos'd to a Shep-

'herd

'herd, ſo handſome as you; and re-
'ally my Judge muſt be very indul-
'gent and favourable, who knowing
'you have been alone with me at this
'hour lockt up in my Cloſet, and my
'Husband aſleep, will do me Juſtice,
'and think no more of the buſineſs. I
'muſt confeſs I expoſe my ſelf a lit-
'tle, but I am uſually gain'd by me-
'rit, and find ſo much in you, I do
'not repent it. *Antonine* failed not to anſwer this exceſs of Goodneſs, in the moſt acknowledging, and moſt obliging expreſſions. He thought it a great happineſs to have gained the eſteem of ſuch a Lady. Yet could not this eaſe him of his ſufferings on *Dorothie's* account, though his pain was ſomewhat abated by the hopes he had this Lady would pity him, and eſpouſe his intereſt.

The Night was far gone, and the Marchioneſs, who had more than one reaſon to undreſs and go to Bed, told *Antonine*, ſhe had for love of him

ſent back her Maids to their Chambers, and that for once he muſt be her Chamber-Maid. *Antonine* undertook the Office with a great deal of joy, and did it with ſo much neatneſs and Gallantry, that of all ſhe had ſeen him do, the Lady moſt admir'd him for this. Being but a Shepherd, and a Shepherd that pleaſed her, ſhe was not very ſhye of him, nor obſerved the meaſures ſhe would have done with a Man of another Character. The time, place, and employment ſhe gave him, permitted her not to keep the diſtance and privacy uſual in thoſe caſes: And theſe ſecret affairs, though innocent, inſpire a Liberty into thoſe employed, they believe they are allowed to do any thing. The Marchioneſs laughed, and ſo did *Antonine*; ſhe permitted her ſelf to be undreſt, juſt as he pleaſed, giving him occaſion to preſs very far, had he had the courage: But he was young, and knew not how

how to uſe the complaiſance ſhe had for him. He had put her at laſt into a condition to want her Night-Gown; and if the Beauties he ſaw did not charm him, they at leaſt diverted him, and made him forget for ſome moments the troubles of that Evening. The Marchioneſs, though brown, had an excellent Complexion, and a Neck made to inſpire Treaſon into the admirers of other Beauties; Qualities the more eſteemed in *Spain* for their Rarity. Her Eyes were beautiful, and black, but ſo quick and piercing, you could ſcarce indure to look ſtedfaſtly on them. Her Mouth, her Noſe, her Teeth, and the reſt of her Face had not the leaſt blemiſh: Her Height, her Ayr, her Meen, were anſwerable, and it was not without reaſon the King had been in love with her, being unqueſtionably the handſomeſt Lady in the Kingdom. She looked from time to time upon *Antonine*, to

obſerve in his Countenance what effect the ſight of ſome Beauties not ordinary wrought in him; and ſeeing him one time very buſie, ſhe put him back, whether out of anger or ſhame, I know not, and reſuming her ſerious Meen; 'I cannot tell, ſays ſhe, 'what people would judge of me, if 'it ſhould be known at Court, I had 'allow'd you this liberty, I were ut-'terly undone. Be ſure you let *Do-'rothy* know nothing of it, for ſhe is 'an innocent Girl, and will be pre-'ſently jealous perhaps, and then tell 'it the King. *Antonine* anſwered 'her, Diſcretion was a virtue not al-'together unknown to Shepherds: I 'believe it, ſays ſhe, eſpecially to ſuch 'Shepherds as you, who are not 'born to be unhappy: After this, ſhe bid him adieu, and having lock'd him up in the Cloſet, ſhe went to bed where ſhe did nothing all night but dream of him, and ſigh. She called to mind all he had ſaid, and

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all she had seen him do that Evening, and found not his Discourse only, but the least of his Actions were so unlike those of the Character he bore, she could not possibly believe him a Shepherd. Her heart at least too proud to stoop so low, endeavoured to make her believe him a young Gentleman of Quality, who had disguised himself for love of *Dorothy*. 'Happy Maid, says she, sighing, how few Women in the World 'but would be jealous of thy good 'Fortune, to have the affection of a 'Lover, the most tender, and most 'deserving on Earth! Never was 'Love more gallant and passionate; 'never were sentiments more elevated and noble than his. Who can 'but be affected with them? what 'Virtue can withstand so many 'Charms? These were her thoughts, of which she was so full, the Idea of *Antonine*, intirely took up all her reflexion, that she minded not her sighs

which she gave free vent to, with such violence that they awak'd the Marquess; who asking her what she ailed, she was so surprised she knew not what to say, but that she was not very well. Don *Austin*, who was fond of her beyond measure, and knew her subject to vapours, imagin'd that hindred her rest, and would have gone to the Closet for a Viol of Essence, very good for that Distemper: but the Marchioness told him that was not the thing that troubled her. But Don *Austin* would not be perswaded from rising to fetch the Essence, believing his Lady, to save him trouble, would not own her Distemper. This put the Marchioness to her shifts, so that to stay him, she told him, 'twas only a Dream had frightned her, and kept her from sleeping, and that nothing else troubled her. The Marquess having acquainted her there was no notice to be taken of Dreams, being an effect only

only of a wandring imagination, of which no account is to be made, asked her, what ſhe dream't. She ſeem'd very loth to tell him; but being very much preſſed by the Marqueſs, who ſaid he would eaſe her of the conceit of it; to ſatisfie him, ſhe had preſently this dream. (For before ſhe had dream't of nothing but *Antonine*:) 'Alas! Sir, ſays ſhe, with a 'deep ſigh, I thought I was with 'Child, and brought to Bed of an 'Infant ſo big and ſo monſtrous, I 'died for very grief. With that I 'awak'd, much troubled to know 'what ill this dream ſignify'd; and 'having pray'd Heaven to be merci-'ful to me, I made a Vow not to lie 'with you for nine days. Don *Auſtin*, to comfort her, made the moſt favourable interpretation he could imagin of the dream, running over all he knew in Story, Sacred and Profane, of the dreams of *Daniel*, King *Ahaſuerus*, and many others he told her of,

to let her ſee 'twas good to dream of being delivered of an extraordinary Child: But like a good Man he was willing ſhe ſhould perform her Vow, and to have it over the ſooner, promiſed ſhe ſhould begin that very day.

Any Man but the Marqueſs would have nullify'd the Vow as againſt the laws of Matrimony, or at leaſt, ſuſpected it feign'd to colour ſome Amorous treaſon; but he who was firmly perſwaded of the Vertue and Piety of his Wife as an Article of Faith, would have been very ſcrupulous to entertain the leaſt doubt of the ſincerity of her intentions. 'Twas time for him to get up if he meant to wait upon the King at his riſing: And as he was dreſſing, he diſcourſed his Wife all the while about the vanity of dreams, that ſhe might be undeceived, and make no more ſuch Vows. He gave not over talking till he went out of the Chamber, and had ſo tired his Lady with the diſ-

courſe,

course, she wisht from her heart she had never spoken to him of a dream. And she was not a little glad to be rid of him. He was no sooner gone, but she took her Night-gown, and slips softly into the Closet where she found *Antonine* asleep on the Bed of Repose. She would not awake him, that she might view him at more leisure. And sitting on a stool by him, there was not a feature in his Face but she examined narrowly, and Love at the same time imprinted it in her heart. She fancied a thousand things of his Person, imagining sometimes this, sometimes that; and out of love or curiosity did so long to be satisfied, that nothing but the fear of awaking him could have kept her back. At last, between strugling with, and yielding to motions more prevalent than all her considerations of Honour and Decency, she adventured (not without blushing) to kiss him. The Happy Shepherd awak'd

wak'd at it, was surpriz'd at the sight of her, much more at the favour she had done him. 'You load me with 'favours, Madam, sayes he half asleep. 'If you knew, answers she, lean-'ing upon him in a very languishing 'manner, all the kindness I have for 'you! but do not abuse it: For you 'see, adds she, opening her Night-'gown, to let him see she had no 'more on, with what complaisance 'and familiarity I use you. You see 'me just as I came out of Bed, and if 'you are not discreet, 'tis the last 'time you shall see me so.

The troubled *Antonine* made a sorry return for so Charming Overtures; he put on a very serious face, and full of respect, like a right Countrey-Shepherd. The Marchioness was that day handsomer than ever he had seen her. *Antonine* wanted neither Eyes not Wit, but he was young and and play'd the Innocent. So much Favour on the sudden having perad-

venture

venture confounded him. But by little and little, he began to be familiar, and the Marchioness who was almost out of conceit with him, began to have some hopes of him: but the House-keeper interrupted very unseasonably, and hindred the consequence of the pleasant Conversation, by coming to tell her Lady, that *Dorothy* in great haste and earnestness desired to see her. The Marchioness gave her small thanks for her pains, letting her see by her looks how unpleasing her message was. But there was no remedy; she must give place to her Rival: And turning towards *Antonine*, she ask'd him, if he would be glad to see *Dorothy*: *Antonine* had the civility not to appear very desirous of it, though he longed for nothing more. But the Marchioness who needed no instruction, seeing his Civility, and satisfy'd with his indifference, (though but affected) to make him sensible what complaisance she had

had for him, bid the House-keeper let *Dorothy* in. *Antonine* pray'd her to stay and hear their discourse: The Marchioness look'd upon him, and with a malicious smile, 'I know, says 'she, you desire nothing less than 'what you ask; and if I had a mind 'to punish you, I would stay; but be 'not afraid on't, 'tis not my design. 'And I am more concern'd for your 'Amours than to take pleasure in be-'ing an Eye-witness of your caresses 'to another. With that she went out of the Closet, and got her to Bed again. The House-keeper let in *Dorothy* into the Marchioness's Chamber, where having paid her devoirs and desir'd leave to go into her Closet, she went to her *Antonine*. The Shepherd receiv'd her with a more pleasing air than the night afore: the anger of Lovers is very short-lived; but the truth is, the Favours of the Marchioness had not a little contributed to put him in good humour. In

the mean time the Marchioness had a sad part to act, and had dearly paid with sighs and vexation for the imperfect pleasure of that morning, had not the King, who was in search of *Dorothy*, sent in the *Duenna* to know if she were with the Marchioness. She could not have wish'd a better pretence for parting the two Lovers. And not to lose the advantage of it, would have presently sent *Dorothy* back into her own Chamber to keep the King there; but he came in, telling her (upon the news he had from Don *Austin* she had had an ill night on't) he thought nothing but Love could have broken ones sleep, but since it happen'd the most insensible Persons could not rest, it was some comfort to him for the many ill nights that Passion had caused him. The Marchioness, who wanted neither Gallantry nor Wit, return'd him an answer suitable to the subject. But the King thinking she needed rest, told her,

her, he would not add a new disturbance to that she had been afflicted with; and taking *Dorothy* by the hand, led her into her Chamber. The Marchioness happily deliver'd at once of two Persons who troubled her more than all the World besides, run straight into the Closet to bring her dear Shepherd the news; but he was no less griev'd at it, than she was joyful. It was not in his power quite to conceal from her the rage he was in for jealousie of the King. He spoke with some heat of the Amorous persecution that Prince afflicted a young Maid with; insomuch that he let fall a word, That it was the part of a Tyrant rather than a Just Monarch, to force one to love him. The Marchioness did but laugh and railly at him to be so passionate. But taking notice of those last words, and the action he expresst them with, she discovered a boldness and hardiness in his countenance, which did but too clearly

ly evidence the Greatneſs of his Soul. 'Twas not the firſt time ſhe had ſuſpected him to be of quite another Quality, than what he pretended to, her paſſion and opinion of Honour, having perſwaded her he was not of ordinary Birth. But in the tranſport he was in on that occaſion, there flaſh'd out ſuch a fire out of his Eyes, which with the liberty he took in ſpeaking of the King, appear'd ſo extraordinary, that ſhe begun thence-forwards to uſe him as ſhe believ'd he deſerved. And after ſhe had for ſome moments fixt her Eyes on him, 'Sir, ſays ſhe, for I cannot call you '*Antonine* any longer; I am your 'Friend, and you cannot doubt it: 'If the freedom I uſe with you de-'ſerve any confidence from you, deny 'me not a requeſt I am making to 'you. Let me know the truth of a 'thing you can no longer conceal 'from me. This Shepherd's Habit 'you are in, ſuit better with your

Love

'love to *Dorothy* than your Birth: 'you have not ſufficiently diſguiſed 'your ſelf from me, or rather I have 'too long, and too ſtudiouſly obſer- 'ved you, not to ſee your actions, and 'your words, the Ayr and Grace of 'your Perſon, belye the habit you 'have taken: Had you confin'd your 'ſelf to playing on the Flute, and 'keeping Sheep, you might have paſt 'for a Shepherd; but when you 'meddle with othes things you are 'diſcovered with half an eye. Hide 'your ſelf no longer from me, who 'truſt my ſelf with you. I confeſs, 'I am much concerned in it, and this 'makes me ſo curious: If you fear 'only my revealing the ſecret, aſſure 'your ſelf, I will keep it as religi- 'ouſly as you could deſire from the beſt Friend you have in the World, for I am certainly ſhe.

Antonine, who was a little diſor- dered at the Ladies firſt words, ha- ving by this time recover'd himſelf,

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fell a-laughing, and told her it was her excess of goodness made her use him better than he deserved, that he was no more than the Son of a poor Shepherd near *Toledo*. And that if there were any thing in him extraordinary beyond those of his condition, he was beholding for it to Nature, not Birth. All this could not perswade the Lady from the opinion she had of his Quality; but she told him that she would, if he desir'd it, still call him *Antonine*, and use him in publick like a Shepherd; but as for her particular, she very well knew the difference she was to make; And that he might have already concluded from the freedom she had used with him, she had not been long deceiv'd. *Antonine* made but a weak defence, telling her at last, 'she might 'rest assured, if there were any thing 'in his Life that deserv'd confidence, 'she should be the first that he would 'impart it to. The Marchioness under-

underſtanding what it meant, preſſed him no further: And Dinner-time being come, ſhe ſent for it into her Chamber, as being indiſpoſed, that ſhe might have the pleaſure of ſeeing *Antonine* dine with her. The *Duenna* told them, the King did as much with *Dorothy*, having dined in his Chamber, to have her Company the whole day.

The Marchioneſs was raviſhed at the News, and *Antonine* began to be leſs troubled at it. Not but that his paſſion for *Dorothy* was ſtill very great, but that the thoughts he then had of the King, had filled him with rage and vexation, that he was glad of the opportunity he had to be revenged of *Dorothy*, or at leaſt to be even with her. He ſaw her Innocence could not long hold out againſt the love of that Prince, and he was ſo mad at her for it, he began to form a deſign to abandon her quite. But how unjuſt are Lovers in theſe

caſes?

caſes? What could a poor innocent Girl do, that had in a manner not ſeen the World above three days, who knew nothing of Love, but what he had taught her, nor could diſtinguiſh what did, from what did not belong to a Lover, but believed, that, except one thing, all was free for the King, as for *Antonine*; what could ſhe do? Beſides, ſhe was to deal with a King, who was a great Maſter of the Art of Love, and infinitely witty; which with the advantages of Majeſty, might have prevailed with a Maid more experienced, and more difficult, than *Dorothy* to be gain'd.

In that unquiet condition the Shepherd's Heart had reaſon to be in, 'twas no ſmall comfort to have the kindneſs of a fair Lady, as the Marchioneſs, to qualifie his misfortunes: ſhe was a charming Woman, excellently skilled in the Art of pleaſing, and forgot nothing that might tempt him

him to a desertion; sighs, kindnesses, languishing looks, tenderness, obliging actions, all the most pleasant poisons of Love were made use of, and to very good purpose. Here was cause enough of fear for *Dorothy*, had not her good fortune delivered her from the King; and 'tis uncertain what would become of her, had she staid a moment longer out of the Marchioness Chamber. Such power hath a fair Lady in Love over Hearts, however engaged or indifferent: That Women how deeply soever in Love with another, can resist the Engines and Artifices Love inspires her to make use of.

The *Duenna* had acquainted them with *Dorothie's* coming, that they had time enough to put themselves in order, though any other but *Dor.* might have however found cause enough of suspition in the very eyes of the Marchioness: But *Dorothy* was innocent, and had too good an opinion of her

her Shepherd, to whom without his asking her, she presently gave account of all that past in the extraordinary visit His Majesty had made her. She was so ingenuous not to conceal from him the favours she was forced to grant him, having terribly threatned to ruine him, and send him away where she should never see him, if she were not as complaisant to him as to *Antonine*. The Shepherd from time to time shrug'd his Shoulders as she talked, and when she had done, asked if this were her faithfulness to him. *Dorothy* who thought she had done nothing against the duty of one in Love, in complying a little to divert the strange menaces the King used, would have justified her conduct with reasons, which quite drove poor *Antonine* to despair. 'That is, in-'terrupts he, had the King put it to 'your choice to have me banisht your 'sight, or comply with his passion; 'you would have preferred the shame

'of

'of yielding your ſelf up to him, to 'the diſpleaſure of my abſence. 'What would you have had me have 'done, replies ſhe, with ſome tears to 'ſee him ſpeak as he did. The Marchioneſs was preſent at this Comedy, and had all the divertiſement of it. *Antonine* and *Dorothy* continued long in diſpute, without her taking either party. But the King coming ſo ſuddenly, that the *Duenna* had ſcarcely time to tell her Lady, he was like to have ſurpriſed them all three. He went into the Cloſet, and having complemented the Marchioneſs, ſat him down on the bed there, and ſhe went out, leaving him and *Dorothy* together, who reſolved to repair her fault: for let the King beg, threaten, fret himſelf never ſo much; ſay, do what he pleaſe, ſhe would not ſo much as let him kiſs her hand, which put him almoſt beſide himſelf; and made *Antonine* glad at heart. Well done *Dorothy*, thinks he, this is brave,

thou

thou revengeſt me to purpoſe for the torment he hath put me to.

The King finding *Dorothies* humour ſo ſtrangely altered, ſince he parted with her, being not above an hour or two; imputed it to ſome ridiculous counſels the Marchioneſs, with whom he found her, might have given her in ſome unſeaſonable Principles and Precepts of Virtue. He turned all his anger that way, and as he went out of the Chamber he made it ſufficiently appear to the Lady, he was not well ſatisfied with the good offices ſhe had done him: He paſt by her without ſaying a word, quite contrary to the obliging carriage he always uſed towards her. The Marchioneſs was extremely ſurpriſed at it, and applying her fear to that ſhe was moſt careful of, ſhe fancied the King had diſcovered *Antonine* in the Cloſet, which made him look ſo angry:

ſhe ran ſtrait to *Dorothy* to know the News, and perceived by the Relation, her rigours had put him out of humour. This was preſently confirmed by Don *Auſtin*, who came in ſhortly after to tell her, the King had complained bitterly of her, for the ill inſtructions ſhe had given *Dorothy*: And that if ſhe took not heed, ſhe would ruine him. Time was, when a complaint of this Nature would have been very offenſive, but it was in the days of Yore; ſhe had now changed her humour, and was become more tractable. She eaſily defended her ſelf againſt the King's Charge, and expreſt that zeal for the concerns of his paſſion, that ſhe told Don *Auſtin* he might aſſure his Majeſty, it ſhould be no fault of hers, if he were not ſucceſsful. There was reaſon enough for it, ſhe did her own buſineſs by it: and had the King known how far ſhe was engag'd on his part,

and

and concerned to promote his interests, he would never have suspected her of the injury he charged her with. Don *Austin* went directly to bring the King the News, and the Marchioness stept immediately into the Closet, to laugh with *Antonine*, who could not heartily thank her for making a party against him, yet, knowing the reason of it, he could not be much displeased.

The Marques came the second time to tell his Wife, the King was well satisfied with the expressions of her good will; and pray'd her if she would not do him service, which he would not adventure to desire of her, yet that she would not make a Confederate against him. She not only promised this, but added, that upon all occasions the King should find her for him, and that she would never speak to *Dorothy* but for his advantage. Persons of her Character, where they allow themselves

liberty, become more indulgent to others in like caſes. Don *Auſtin* was the firſt that gave her thanks, being ſo well pleaſed with her that Evening, that had it not been for her Vow, he would have done ſomewhat extraordinary that night, to let her know how much ſhe had obliged him, in eſpouſing the intereſt of a Monarch, whom next her, he loved the beſt of any living, this was excellent divertiſement for the Marchioneſs: At laſt the viſit and converſation of the too grateful Marqueſs, was ſo long, ſhe began to be a weary of him, and very willing to be rid of him. His ſtay was no leſs troubleſome to *Dorothy*, who having left the Cloſet when the Marchioneſs came forth, wiſht him gone preſently that ſhe might return. But the Marqueſs having been ſo taken up all day with State-affairs, that he had not time to pay his Lady the duties of a kind Husband, thought himſelf

himself that day more than ever obliged to keep her company in the Evening, after the complaisance she had expresst in what concerned the King. The Marchioness and *Dor.* rose from their Seats, they walk'd about, they held their peace, but all to no purpose, he stir'd not till it was time for his Wife to go to bed, and he would not leave her till he saw her a-Bed, and past some kind complements to comfort her against the rigour of her Vow, praying her particularly never to make the like again. *Dorothy* was forced to retire and go to Bed, though much troubled, and angry, she could not see *Antonine.* But he was reserved for the Marchioness, who had no sooner lodg'd her Husband safe, and commanded the *Duenna* to make all the doors fast, but she got up, and told her dear *Antonine*, he might come out of the Closet, the coast was all clear, and they had the

whole Chamber for themſelves.
'Yes, Madam, anſwers the Shep-
'herd, but if the Marqueſs ſhould
'come on the ſudden, and I not
'have time to hide my ſelf, what
'would he think? Alas! nothing,
'ſays ſhe, what ſhould he fear from a
'Shepherd, ſo diſcreet and ſo ho-
'neſt? I know not, replies *Anto-*
'*nine*, laughing; but what you told
'me yeſterday, (it would be very
'hard not to ſuſpect ſomething, if
'any found me, (as very a Shepherd
'as I am) lock'd up with you at this
'time of night) made ſuch impreſſi-
'on upon me, that I begin in good
'earneſt to be afraid. Fear nothing,
'ſays ſhe, laughing alſo, I am a good
'virtuous Lady, and Don *Auſtin*
'believes me ſo, and the pity I have
'to ſee you ſo ill lodg'd in the Clo-
'ſet, makes me willing to give you
'half of my Bed if you dare lie
'there, I mean upon the Bed, for it
'would not be handſome for a Shep-
'herd

'herd as you are, or a Lady as I am,
'it ſhould be any otherwiſe. And
'to let you know what a Favour I
'do you, I can tell you 'tis more
'than the King in the height of his
'paſſion could ever obtain from me.
'It was doubtleſs, Madam, ſayes
'*Antonine*, becauſe you were afraid
'he would not uſe the Favour di-
'ſcreetly enough, and are well aſ-
'ſured of the reſpect I bear you. 'Tis
'rather, ſays ſhe, playing with him,
'that I loved not the King, that he
'had not the Art to pleaſe me, and
'that *Antonine*-------- She ſtopt
'there. *Antonine*, Madam, anſwers
'he, is happier than all the Kings up-
'on Earth, in that he hath gained
'the Favour of ſo fair a Lady as the
'Marchioneſs *De las Torillas*: He
'hath nothing more to wiſh for but
'a Heart to offer and dedicate whol-
'ly to her. But alas! I have it not.
'Ah! Cruel, ſays ſhe, interrupting
'him, why do you mind me of it?

'why ſpeak you of a thing I do all 'I can to forget? Permit me to 'fancy, adds ſhe, with tender and 'languiſhing looks, that you neither 'love nor will love any but me: And 'if it be not altogether true, yet 'allow me to ſay ſo, and deceive my 'ſelf, which in this I am very willing 'to do.

I know not what this happy Shepherd thought then, but I believe him in ſome perplexity. He was forc'd in honour to anſwer civilly ſo much kindneſs and tenderneſs! the Lady was the moſt obliging, as well as the moſt Beautiful of the Court; and had ſuch a winning way with her, a Man muſt be very ill-natur'd to deny any thing ſhe deſired: It is eaſie to gueſs how two Perſons ſo well agreed, ſpent the reſt of the Night. You may preſume *Antonine* ſtrain'd a point, and committed a little treaſon againſt his allegiance to *Dorothy*. And if the Fi-

delity

delity of any Lover be proof againſt ſuch a temptation, it deſerves to be Chronicled.

The King had not ſo good a night as *Antonine*, fretting and vexation fell to his Majeſties let, and having not ſlept till towards morning, he lay a-bed longer than ordinary. *Dorothy* would fain have made uſe of that time to ſee *Antonine*, but the *Duenna* had her Leſſon; and told her, That her Lady had been ill all night, and muſt not be diſturbed. *Dorothy* reply'd, ſhe would make no noiſe, and only go into the Cloſet. She might have as well held her peace. The *Duenna* found reaſons enough to deny her, till the King came to talk with her; and ſoon after the Marqueſs, who ſent in the *Duenna* to ſee if his Wife were aſleep; ſhe brought him word, her Lady was newly awake; and he entred the Chamber, and told her, ſhe muſt needs riſe, and go to *Belviſo*,

where the King dined that day: The Marchioneſs excus'd her ſelf, pretending ſhe was indiſpos'd. But the Good Man her worthy Spouſe told her, if ſhe would but endeavour to go ſo far, being but a walk, where the Air and Divertiſement would certainly recover her, ſhe would very much oblige the King, who would not go without her, and ſcarce believe ſhe was ill, having that morning a complexion more freſh and more beautiful than ever. The Marchioneſs could not forbear laughing to ſee how Don *Auſtin* cajol'd her. And finding what-ever ſhe did ſhe was not to expect being at liberty that after-noon, ſhe choſe rather to pleaſe the King, and avoid the occaſion of giving perhaps ſome umbrage, by pretending an indiſpoſition, which by her Husband's report ſhe could not ſufficiently feign. She took her time to give *Antonine* notice of this Walk, and acquaint

quaint him what a trouble it was to her to leave him, putting it to his choice to ſtay there or go along. *Antonine* told her, he muſt needs get forth, and appear at his Lodging, where *Dorot.* Parents were doubtleſs much concern'd what was become of him, having not layn there theſe two nights. The Marchioneſs wiſht him to come again at night, and ſhe would give the *Duenna* orders, ſo that he ſhould need only to apply himſelf to her for entrance.

Belviſo is a Houſe of Pleaſure within two miles of *Aranjuez*, the moſt agreeable and charming in all *Spain*. 'Tis a little enchanted Caſtle in the middle of a Lake, at the point of a Valley, than which nothing can be more delightful to the Eye. The Caſtle both without and within is equally rich, painted, and guilded all over, which glitters admirably in the Sun. 'Tis all of wood, and ſo curiouſly carved, that there is no-

thing

thing more rare and more curious for Invention or Work. All the Chambers may be lower'd or rais'd at pleaſure, by Screws and Machines. And though but four, and a Hall in the middle, they have a way to make them appear twelve ſeveral Chambers, different not only in Furniture and Ornament, but in Figure.

The King being arriv'd at the ſide of the Lake, embarqued in a Canot with the Marqueſs, his Lady, *Dorothy*, for whom the Entertainment was deſigned, with two or three other Ladies, and ſome principal Lords of the Court to go to the Caſtle. In the mean time they were troubled *Antonine* appeared not. 'Tis not the King was ſo concern'd, but *Dorothy* and the Marchioneſs, who look'd a good while round about them to ſee if he were come. *Dorothy* had never been in that Caſtle, and the King would in Perſon give her the pleaſure of ſeeing it; and for love of her,

ſet

ſet all the Machines of thoſe moving Chambers a-work. He was ſcarce got to the third, but *Dorothy* diſappear'd, not by the force of any Machine, but becauſe ſhe ſtay'd in the ſecond Room; the King not willing ſome Lords about him ſhould take notice of the concern he was in for her, went forwards, hoping in ſo ſmall a place he could not long want her. And indeed he found her in the ſecond Room ſpeaking to one of the Pages. He ſurpriz'd them, and asked *Dorothy* laughing, if ſhe had any office of Gallantry to imploy that Page in, that ſhe was in ſo private diſcourſe with. She bluſh'd a little, & fell a-laughing too, at the King's not knowing the Page. This made the King fix his Eye upon him; and with no ſmall ſurprize diſcover him to be *Antonine*. 'And how long is it, ſays 'he to him, that you are turn'd from 'a Shepherd into a Page? *Anto-* '*nine* anſwer'd, But from that very

'morn-

'morning, having a desire to see the Castle; and finding there was such order given, that there was no getting in but in his Livery, he had borrow'd a Page's Coat for the purpose. The King said no more to him; but scarce took any pleasure the rest of the time he spent there, having almost always this Shepherd in his Eye, speaking constantly to *Dorothy*: which put the King in no small trouble and perplexity with his forcing himself as much as possible to hide the concern he was in. His passion for *Dorothy* had not yet been much taken notice of, and he was willing to observe some measures in publique; so that he found it very difficult to be in private with her there. *Antonine* making use of the liberty the King allow'd him, followed him where-ever he went, as well as the Lords and Ladies of his Train, and seem'd to affect keeping close to *Dorothy* more than ever. The King might

might have got rid of him by ſending him to Land; but 'twould have been too apparent, and what pretence ſoever he had taken, they would have gueſſed at the true cauſe. So that the very maxims of Decency forced the King to permit a Shepherd, under his very noſe, to croſs his deſires, to torment him, and raviſh from him undiſturb'd what he beſt loved in the World, without the Kings daring to complain of it, or expreſs the leaſt reſentment: Only he ſpoke of it to the Marqueſs his ſole Confident, who had pray'd him to let him know the cauſe of the diſorder that appear'd in his countenance. This Faithful Miniſter of Love as well as State, having learnt what it was, reſolved at any rate to eaſe him of the ſight of the Shepherd, at leaſt for ſome time. He thought of ſeveral ways to do it, but knowing that Women are generally better than Men at ſuch matters, he went

to his Wife; and taking her into another Room, ask'd her, if she could not device some means to take that Shepherd aside, who troubled the Entertainment, and get him kept out of the King's presence, without sending him to Land, which the King for some reasons was unwilling to do. The Marchioness very officiously proposed two or three ways, which indeed were neither proper nor approved by the Marquess. At last she told him, That to disabuse the King, and wipe out the ill-impressions he had taken of her conduct as to *Dorothy*, she would serve him on this occasion, and take *Antonine* into another Room, under pretence of making him play on the Flute, and would keep him there as long as he pleased; but she feared 'twould be to his cost, and that the World was malicious enough to talk of such a thing. Don *Austin* fell a-laughing heartily at the apprehen-

sions

ſions of his Vertuous Wife, and embracing her with extreme kindneſs, told her, Her Reputation was ſo friendly eſtabliſhed, it would never be ſuſpected, though there were no more Vertue nor Honour in the World. That ſhe might take his word for't, who was moſt concerned. And that it could not be at leaſt a Shepherd could do him any injury. Having ſaid this, he pray'd her to do as ſhe propoſed; adding ſhe would do the King a ſingular pleaſure, being no longer able to endure the ſight of the Shepherd. The Marchioneſs failed not to do it; and with an Addreſs her affection, more than any deſign to pleaſe the King or oblige her Husband, inſpir'd with, ſhe drew *Antonine* aſide from *Dorothy*, and took him to another Chamber, where ſhe ſtay'd with him till they went back for *Aranjuez*. The King was never the better for it: *Dorothy* did but fret and vex when ſhe

ſhe loſt ſight of *Antonine*, and her Eyes diſcovered the trouble ſhe was in, not to know what was become of him.

The Sun was ſet when they came to *Aranjuez*. And the King having a deſire to take a turn or two in the Garden, the whole Court follow'd him, except the Marchioneſs, who had deſigns in her Head; and having accompanied her Husband awhile, told him ſhe was not very well and muſt withdraw. The Marqueſs more civil and kind than ſhe wiſht, brought her to her Chamber, and bore her company till ſhe was quite tyr'd with him. She undreſt her ſelf, ſhe went to bed, ſhe complain'd her Head ach'd, and that ſhe muſt go to reſt; and not knowing what to ſay or do more, ſhe order'd the Windows ſhould be ſhut, that the light might not trouble her in the morning; but Don *Auſtin's* Love was the ſame in the dark as in the light.

light. But she must send him away at last, telling him the trouble she was in he should be there in the dark, and she not able to speak to him, increased her malady and kept her from sleeping. The good Marquess charm'd with the kindness of his dear Spouse, took his leave of her, praying her she would send for him, if she grew worse in the night. The Marquess was scarce gone, but the *Duenna* came in to let her Lady know *Antonine* was in her Chamber; the Marchioness bid her let him into hers, and immediately the *Duenna* led in a Shepherd who was not a little surpriz'd at the darkness of the Lodging: the Marchioness imagining his surprize at the Novelty, fell a-laughing as soon as she heard him come near the Bed; and reaching out her hand to him, 'Fear nothing, says she, this is all 'done for you, and you know you are 'not in an Enemies Country: she made

made him ſit on her Bed, and going on with her diſcourſe told him the Darkneſs was a Friend to fearful 'Lovers as you are. But you are ve-'ry mute methinks *Antonine*, why 'do not you anſwer me? She had ſcarce ſaid this, but in comes the *Duenna* almoſt out of breath, to tell her the Marqueſs was coming with a Flambo, and was juſt at the Chamber-door. 'Go hide you in 'the Cloſet, ſays the Marchioneſs to her Shepherd: but finding he ſtirr'd not, ſhe was aſtoniſh'd, and puſhing him with her hand, 'do 'not you hear what they ſay, Don '*Auſtin* is juſt here, go hide your 'ſelf, unleſs you will ruine both me 'and your ſelf. With that the Marqueſs entred, who told his Wife he was very ſorry he muſt diſturb her, but he had loſt a Paper of great importance to the King, and muſt needs have left it on her Bed. The affrighted Marchioneſs being then ſo angry

angry with *Antonine* ſhe wiſh'd him hang'd, told him, 'you come the 'moſt ſeaſonably in the World to 'chaſtiſe a Fool; an Inſolent Fellow 'came into my Chamber the very 'moment you were gone, and has 'put me into a moſt terrible fright, 'ſitting upon my Bed, and I cannot 'remove him. The Marqueſs aſtoniſht at the inſolence, ran towards the Beds Feet; and in the Wrath he was in againſt ſuch an impudent Raſcal, not willing to be at the pains of examining who he was, he look'd only for a ſtick, to baſte him into better manners, and teach him the reſpect due to his Wives Bed; when he heard the Kings Voice who was diſguis'd like a Shepherd, and fell a laughing to ſee himſelf upon the point of being bang'd, and bid the Marqueſs open his Eyes and moderate his fury: What a deadly blow was this to the Marqueſs! he turn'd pale and diſmay'd, he could

could not ſpeak a Word: at laſt having recovered his Spirits, 'Ah, 'Sir, is it thus, a King as you are keep 'his Word? Have you done me ſo 'many Favours, only to rob me of 'my Honour? Ah Heavens! (cries 'he quite diſtracted,) have I lived 'thus long to ſee my ſelf loaded 'with Infamy by a Prince for whom 'I would have loſt my Blood! Having ſaid this he withdrew. The King would have ſtaid him, that he might clear himſelf before the Marchioneſs of the unjuſt ſuſpicion he had of him, but he had not the patience to hear him. The King follow'd him, that he might diſengage himſelf from a Lady, who had more reaſon than the Marqueſs to complain of him; though in truth he was not in fault towards the one or the other, as will appear by the truth of the adventure.

For the King ſtaid not long in the Garden, having not been well ſatisfi'd

tisfi'd with *Dorothy* all that day, and being full of ſuſpicion and jealouſie of her, he let her go where ſhe pleas'd, not doubting but a rendezvouz had been agreed on at the enterview between her and *Antonine* at *Bellviſo*; To ſee whether his ſuſpicions were well-grounded, he reſolved to put a trick on her, and going to his Chamber took the Shepherds Habit he formerly made uſe of, and put it on. His deſign was to go pray the Marchioneſs to help him to deceive *Dorothy*, and ſend her to him under the name of *Antonine*. He came for that purpoſe into her Apartment, and within ſome paces of her Chamber he found the *Duenna* going in ſearch of the Shepherd; and being prevented by him, miſtook him for *Antonine*; it being then ſo dark ſhe could not diſtinguiſh them, ſo that ſhe brought him to her Lady in the manner you have heard.

Don

Don *Anſtin* was ſo enraged, he reſolved to die or retire from Court never to appear there again. The King knew the appearances which deceived him, were enough to give him mortal diſpleaſure, unleſs he diſabus'd him. But he knew not how to do it, without giving him light into the Correſpondence between his Lady and *Antonine*, which would make the matter much worſe and ruin a Lady he had ſtill ſome reſpect for. He was ſorry he had not hid himſelf, that he might have diverted himſelf about the adventure with the Marchioneſs, without making the Marqueſs jealous. But that which induced him to be ſo malicious, as not to get out of the way when ſhe bid him, was the pleaſure of being reveng'd of a Woman who had play'd the *Lucrece* with him, and yielded to a Shepherd: If he could have believed ſhe would have put the confidence in him to take

take their measures together, to disabuse Don *Austin* on his part, and pass over the adventure in raillery; he had certainly gone into the Closet at first, or advised with her afterwards what course to steer: but he knew her humour too well, and that she would not hearken to his Propositals. Therefore that he might not lose his labour, or oblige people against their wills, he contented himself to tell the Marquess he had not design'd him any wrong: that he might believe it when he took the pains to assure him of it: that he had always had a great esteem and affection for him and his Lady, and made it sufficiently appear, that his disguisement was purely on the account of *Dorothy*, whom he would have surpriz'd, and not the Marchioness. 'Surprize *Dorothy*, answers 'the Marquess sighing, in my Wives 'Bed! he stopt there, which made the King laugh, who had the good-

neſs to ſay a great deal more to undeceive him; but it ſerv'd only to render him more ſuſpitious. 'I 'ſhould never have believed, Sir, 'ſays the Marqueſs, you would have 'made uſe of the pretence of an inno-'cent Girl, to oppreſs me with grief 'and with ſhame: this proceeding 'is not juſt towards a Servant, who 'hath made it the buſineſs of his 'life to ſtudy your Glory, and the 'good of your Eſtate. The King could not forbear laughing at his reproaches, which cut Don *Auſtin* to the heart, being mad to ſee him take pleaſure in triumphing to his Face for the injury he had done him; ſo that he let fall ſome words which paſt the reſpect due to the King. 'You are a little out, ſays the King 'calmly, but I pardon the paſſion 'that blinds you; you accuſe me 'without cauſe, you reproach me 'unjuſtly. Had I had deſigns upon your Wife, I had not need to

'have

'have disguis'd my self; I might
'have hid my self when you came
'in, and have chosen a better time.
'But I did not bestow her upon you,
'to do you this unkindness; I keep
'my Word to my very Enemies, if
'you have reason to distrust your
'Wives Vertue, inquire better who
'does you the wrong, and find out
'the mystery before you accuse any.
'All men have their failings, much
'more all women; and he that
'trusts so tender a Sex, and so capable
'of a Passion they place their Glory
'in, is deceived at last. Think of
'what I say, you may one day find
'it true. Ah Sir, says the Marquess,
'I am but too well assured I am de-
'ceived; but if not by you, whom
'should I fear in the Kingdom? is
'there any other my Wife would
'vouchsafe to turn her Head for?
'You see this, answers the King,
'shewing him the Shepherds Habit,
'you may guess what it means, and

'I was mistaken for another. Shep-
'herds, Sir, replyes the Marquess,
'are for Shepherdesses, and I shall
'never be jealous of them. Were
'I assured of your part, I would still
'take my Wife for the honestest
'Woman of the Kingdom. And
'I assure you, says the King, as my
'business was not with the Marchio-
'ness, no more was hers with me.
'And you are to take heed the mis-
'chief you fear, if it be not already
'done you, come not from a party
'you least suspect. The King did
not design to say so much, but the
Marquess forc'd him to't by bringing
Dorothy into discourse. And the
King being very tender of that point
could not forbear speaking his mind.
The Marquess stood mute a while,
not knowing what to think of the
Shepherds Habit, on which the King
grounded his suspicions and con-
jectures, that he was taken for ano-
ther, but fancy'd he meant *Antonine*,
because

because his Wife had for the Kings satisfaction, and almost against her will, past part of the Afternoon with that Shepherd in a Chamber alone. He was about to laugh at the conceit, and resuming the discourse to gain further explication, 'Could 'you hope, Sir says he, to make me 'jealous of any one wears such a 'Habit as this? the King made no answer, letting him understand by his silence what he was to think. But the Marquess desiring to be further satisfy'd in a point of this importance, 'What Man, adds he, 'of that condition durst once look 'upon my Wife? That durst *Anto-* 'nine, replies the King somewhat briskly, whom the Marchioness, 'if you must needs know it, vouch-'safes to fix her Eyes upon. If *An-* 'tonine, answers the Marquess, came 'into my Wives Chamber, it was 'not on her account; and had I 'seen him set on her Bed, and that

he had been with her all day, and all night, it ſhould never have bro-
'ken my reſt. I believe ſo, ſays the
'King, had you ſeen them in bed to-
'gether, you would ſcarce believe
'any thing. Sir, replies the Mar-
'queſs, I ſhould take her to be *Dore-*
'*thy*; and I muſt be broad awake
'to believe her my Wife. The King made him no anſwer, and the diſcourſe was carried on ſo far, that at laſt they promiſed one another mutual Offices of Friendſhip, and agreed to watch *Antonine* narrowly, and give one another intelligence, of all paſſages that concerned either, to find out who was deceived. The King made the propoſal, Don *Auſtin* accepted it with a great deal of indifference, thinking the King had done it only to amuſe him.

The King no ſooner left him but he returned to his Wife, who at firſt ſight of him fell to exclaiming againſt

gainſt that Prince, who not content to have made her Apartment the Scene of an Amorous Intrigue, came diſguiſed to ſurpriſe her when he knew ſhe was ſick a-bed, and had no help at hand, but her Voice, and her Tears. That it was an action unworthy a King, who had ſo much reaſon to know her, by the proof he had made of her virtue: But ſhe ſaw clearly enough, that the complaiſance of a baſe Husband was the thing encouraged him to make a new attempt upon her honour, and they were agreed together to deſtroy her. It being impoſſible the King would have ventured coming into her Chamber, as he did, had he not known the Windows were ſhut, and no light in the room. And he could not know this but from him. The Marqueſs much troubled to hear himſelf charged with ſo much baſeneſs by his Wife, of whom he thought he had rea-

ſon to complain, did all he could to juſtifie himſelf to her. But all to no purpoſe; the more he juſtified himſelf, the more guilty ſhe made him; calling him Traytor, a Man of no Honour, unworthy to poſſeſs a Lady ſo virtuous as ſhe. But all this noiſe could not keep the ſuſpicious Don *Auſtin* from reſolving to have the honour to lye with her that night, for he thought her dream of the monſtrous Child boded him no good. And a Vow ſo much to the purpoſe, attended with a little indiſpoſition, which obliged his Wife to have her Chamber Windows ſhut up, and the King's coming to her in a Shepherd's Habit, gave cauſe for conjectures which pointed directly to his Forehead: he needed no more motive to have her abſolved that Evening of ſo delicate a Vow.

He ſent preſently to pray the Biſhop of *Carthagene*, his particular Friend,

Friend, to do him the honour of coming to his Lodgings: the Bishop came, who not only absolved the Lady from her Vow, but according to the duty of his Character, applyed himself to make Peace between the Marquess and his Lady, and happily effected it to the satisfaction of both.

And their Union after the Bishop's Benediction, being greater than ever, they began to ask one another in good earnest, the whole truth of the story. The Marchioness was to speak first, of common right, as having more cause of complaint than Don *Austin*: She told him it was most true, that in the dark, as he had left her, she heard one come in without saying a word, which surprised her very much: But more, when she found he came and sate on the Bed, which made her, trembling for fear, call in *Alice* to her aid, and that he came

in himself the next moment. Don *Austin* believed all this to be true as the Gospel, not thinking it possible his Wife could have the Conscience to tell a Lye the next minute after receiving Episcopal Benediction. He told her on his part, the conference he had had with the King, who assured him, he had no other design but to surprise *Dorothy*, which in truth might be true. But the most pleasant jest of all is, adds he, he would fain have made me jealous of *Antonine*. And because he hath reason to be jealous of that Shepherd, he would have all the World be so too, And since he cannot get rid of him, he would set on another to do him that piece of service. The Marchioness hereupon plaid her part excellently well, making a thousand exclamations, clapping her hands, lifting her eyes to Heaven, laughing with all her force, and doing all other Actions

of

of a Woman amazed at the ſtrangeneſs of the News, which afforded them matter of diſcourſe moſt part of that Night.

In the mean time, the Marqueſs according to the agreement between the King and him, to watch over *Antonine*, failed not at his riſing to give the neceſſary orders, as to *Dorothy*; as for his Wives part he feared nothing. The King on the other ſide eager for the ſport, and deſirous at any rate to convince the incredulous Marqueſs, of the new Title his Wife had given him, placed his Scouts abroad to obſerve *Antonine's* motions towards the Marchioneſs. But ſhe was beforehand with him, having that Evening ſent orders by the *Duenna* to the Shepherd to retire, and not approach the Palace, eſpecially her Apartment till notice from her. So that the Spies for ſome days could give their Maſters no account. But

abſence

absence is the greatest of torments for Lovers, and the loss of the company of what you love, is little less then the loss of Life. *Antonine* was in torment not only on the account of *Dorothy*, but of the Marchioness, who served for a kind of amorous consolation for him, when he could not see *Dorothy*. The Marchioness was no less afflicted; and Women, as 'tis said, being more violent in their passions than Men, 'tis credible, this Lady, who loved the Shepherd so well, had a very ill time on't. She had none but *Alice*, her Universal Confident to comfort her. And the poor old Wretch was as much afflicted as her Lady, to see her languish, and grow melancholy: She would by all means go seek out *Antonine*, to make her chearful, promising the Marchioness, to bring him in so safe and so secretly, that no one should know of it. But the Marchioness had

more

more Wit than to run ſuch a hazard, and choſe rather to go ſee him at his Lodging, than expoſe him to diſcovery, by being ſurpriſed in hers. She asked the old *Duenna*, if ever ſhe had been at the Gardiners? and *Alice* having made Anſwer, ſhe was acquainted with him, and his Wife one of her beſt Friends; 'I tell 'you, ſays the Marchioneſs, the 'reaſon of my Queſtion, and the 'deſign I have laid. I know your 'fidelity, and the affection you have 'always had for me, therefore I con-'fide in you. I will go ſee *Anto-'nine* at his Lodging, I take that to 'be the ſureſt courſe: *Dorothy* is 'much about my pitch; I will take 'a ſuit of hers, and I doubt not but 'I ſhall be taken for her, when I am 'ſeen go to her Fathers: we need 'only order things ſo, that when I 'am got thither, *Antonine* may 'have notice, and the Gardiner and 'his Wife both ſent out of the

'way,

'way, for they would wonder at 'the visit. This must be done to 'morrow Morning, when the Phy-'sicians have prescribed me a Ba-'thing for my pretended indisposi-'tion. The *Duenna* answered, all 'this would be easily done, that the 'Gardiner went at three a Clock 'in the Morning to work in the 'Garden, and she would undertake 'to give *Antonine* notice of the 'honour intended him, and take out 'the Gardiner's Wife along with 'her a-walking till Dinner-time. All this was accordingly resolved, and executed. The *Duenna* having the charge of her Ladies Wardrobe, provided that Evening a Suit for the purpose. And at six in the Morning came in to awake her, telling her before Don *Austin*, that the Water was ready, and she might presently bathe her self. The Marquess who had first advised her to it, encouraged her to rise, because she seem-

seemed somewhat loth: with much adoe she took her Morning-Gown, and entred the Bathing-room, where she found a Suit of *Dorothie's* ready for her, which she put on, while the *Duenna* trudg'd away to *Antonine* to dispose things there for her reception.

The Scouts were night and day abroad, both the Kings and the Marquess's, or at least had order to be so. But Favorites are commonly better served than their Masters: Don *Austin* was fallen asleep again, when one of his Spies came to tell him, he saw *Dorothy* go in at her Father's. At this time of day, thinks the Marquess, *Dorothy* takes the pains to go to her Father's, there's design in the case; I must carry the King the News, it is worth the trouble. With that he got up in all haste and dress't himself, for fear of the birds being flown e're he could get from the King to the Gardiners. He had not

not the patience to carry his Wife the News to the Bathing-room, hoping to treat her with the whole story at his return. He got to the King's Chamber, desired audience about urgent business, was admitted, and immediately fell a laughing; 'You may imagine, Sir, I 'would not have come thus early to 'disturb your Rest, had I not a particular business to acquaint you 'with. The happy *Antonine* is 'this moment in the Arms of the 'Marchioness. I am not surprised 'at it, says the King, laughing also, 'and if you had no more to tell me, 'you needed not to have taken the 'pains to be so early up; for I am 'perswaded, they have been long a-'goe very well agreed. No, no, 'Sir, says the Marquess in railery, 'I am come to tell you, according to 'my duty, that *Dorothy* is gone thus 'early to give her Parents a visit, 'wherein you may believe *Anto-*

'*nine*

'*nine* ſhall have his ſhare. But 'what, replies the King, if you 'have for once, taken *Dorothy* 'for the Marchioneſs: I fear no mi-'ſtake, Sir, anſwers the Marqueſs, 'for beſides that, I left my Wife but 'now in her Bathing-room; the 'news I bring you, was told me by 'two of my Servants, who know '*Dorothy* very well, and ſaw her go 'in at her Fathers. The King ſaid not a word more, but got up and was dreſt, and would go in Perſon with the Marqueſs to the Gardiner's. They got thither in a moment, and finding a little Girl at the door, asked who was within: She anſwered, none but *Antonine* and *Dorothy*, in a Chamber ſhe ſhewed them. What a tranſport of Fury did this put the King in, who till then feared nothing! he ran to the Chamber, and finding it ſhut, knockt at the Door, with that violence, and rage, as if he would have

ſtorm'd

ſtorm'd the beſieged: no body opened, nor anſwered; the King extremely incenſed, had no longer patience, but commanded two of his Servants to break down the door. He was obey'd, and entred in firſt, and next him Don *Auſtin*. But the Gallant was got out at the Window, and no body left but the fair Lady, ſitting in a corner of the Chamber; with more confuſion than fear, wrapt up in her *Manto*, to ſee the unhappy Cataſtrophe. The King broke out into bitter Language againſt her, and had perhaps gone further, but that the Marqueſs minded him of his Character: However, he reſolved to put to open ſhame that little Traytreſs (as he often called her) taking her by the *Manto*, in which ſhe kept her ſelf muffled. At laſt he ſnatch'd it off, but who was more ſurpriſed, he, or Don *Auſtin*, to ſee it was the Marchioneſs? The King was extreme glad

glad, and seeing the Marquess thunder-struck, without speech, or motion, could not forbear laughing. 'Now, Don *Austin*, says he, you 'see how people are mistaken, is 'this *Dorothy*, or the Marchioness? With that the enraged Husband, not able to indure the King's Railery, and the insupportable affront his virtuous Lady did him, fell upon her without respect to the King's Presence, with that violence and anger, the King had much ado to get him from her. He drew him out of that Chamber, and as they went from the Gardiners, met *Antonine* in Custody, having been taken by the care of the Marquess, who to make good his News to the King, had given order for apprehending him, if he endeavoured to escape. The sight of *Antonine* doubled his fury, and he had certainly stabbed him with his Poniard, had not the King, in his turn, minded

him

him where he was, and of the respect due to his Character.

Poor *Antonine* was put into the Tower of *Aranjuez*. The King lost no time to go see *Dorothy*, and tell her the whole Story, of which he hoped to make advantage. But the poor Innocent having with astonishment heard the King, fell a-crying when she understood *Antonine* was in Prison. She fell upon her Knees, and pray'd him if he lov'd her, to set *Antonine* at liberty, and not do him any harm. The King having reproached her, for having so little resentment against a Shepherd, guilty of such falshood to her, who in contempt of the kindness she had for him, had thrown himself into the Arms of another; told her, he could not set him at liberty so soon, but must give at least so much satisfaction to Don *Austin*, who had cause to take away his Life, much more to have him kept Prisoner. *Dorothy* some-

somewhat comforted by the King's promise to do *Antonine* no further harm, and mov'd on the other side with the reasons she was told she had to be angry with her Shepherd, was not very earnest for his Enlargement. The King finding her more complaisant than ever, past part of the day with her: While they were together, the Captain of the Guard came to know his pleasure, how *Antonine* should be us'd. The King bid him give him what he called for, but not permit any to see him or speak to him, except such only as brought a Ring, which he took out of his Pocket, and shew'd the Captain, that he might know it. *Dorothy* having observ'd all this, waited an opportunity to get that Ring into her hands. By good fortune, the King having slept little the Night before, and been awak'd early that Morning by the Marquess, could not forbear falling fast a-sleep in *Dorothy's*

rothy's Chamber, who failed not to ſlip her Hand in his Pocket: And with a great deal of dexterity took out the Ring. The King awak'd not long after, and having ſpent ſome time with her went to Bed.

Dorothy was no ſooner at liberty, but ſhe went very joyfully to the Tower, where *Antonine* was priſoner. And having ſhew'd the Officer the King's Ring, entred without difficulty: *Antonine* was ſurprized to ſee her; ſhe fell preſently to complain of him, but the Cunning Shepherd quickly appeaſed her; And having real kindneſs for her, and ſeeing ſhe ſlighted the paſſion of a Great King for love of him, he reſolved to marry her, and not part with her till ſhe had engaged her ſelf to be his Wife, and received his engagement to be her Husband; left the King taking advantage of his Impriſonment (as he had reaſon to fear) ſhould rob him of her. They

were

were quickly agreed, and past that night like Fortunate Lovers.

The King slept soundly, and little dreamt of the designs against him, of which he was likely to be the more sensible, as the hopes of obtaining his desires were more probable than ever, when he parted with his Mistress. At his rising they told him, a Gentleman pray'd Audience upon business of importance. The King ordered him admittance. The Gentleman falling presently on his knees. 'Great Sir, says he, I come 'to beg Pardon for a Gentleman, 'whose Youth hath made him com-'mit a fault pardonable in those of 'riper Years. You beg my Pardon, 'Friend, says the King, bidding him 'stand up, for a Gentleman I know 'no more than the Fault you have 'mentioned. Sir, answers he, the 'Shepherd you committed yesterday 'to Prison is Don *Alphonso de Leon*. '*Antonine*, says the King, interrupt-

ing

'ing him, much ſurpriz'd at the 'news, Is he of the Houſe of *Leon*? 'Yes, replyes the Gentleman, he is 'a Younger-Brother of that Illuſtri-'ous Family, who arriv'd *incognito* 'at your Court, came to take a turn 'at *Aranjuez*: And as he was walk-'ing in the Garden, the Maſter, as 'the cuſtom is, preſented him with 'a Noſegay by his Daughter, whom 'Don *Alphonſo* found ſo charming, 'he fell that moment paſſionately in 'love with her. We were engag'd 'that very day for *Toledo*: but he 'feigned himſelf indiſpos'd; and 'having taken no reſt that night, he 'look'd very ill the next Morning. 'We would have perſwaded him to 'return to *Madrid*, where he might 'have the help of able Phyſicians, 'rather than ſtay at a Place where he 'could ſcarce have one pittiful Chi-'rurgeon to let him Blood. For three 'or four days he obſtinately inſiſted, 'the Air at *Aranjuez* would be e-

nough

'nough to recover him. And that 'he ſhould not want Phyſician or 'Chyrurgeon. In the mean time he 'could neither eat nor ſleep; he was 'ſo tormented with his Love, which 'was his only Diſtemper, and at 'length much prejudiced his health. 'But fearing the buſineſs would at 'laſt come to light, and having ever 'had confidence in me, who am his 'Governour, he took me one day a-'ſide to acquaint me with the Se-'cret, praying me, if I lov'd him, 'I would be ſo kind to him, as to find 'out the means to ſtay ſome time at '*Aranjuez*. I omitted nothing that 'could be ſaid to divert him from the 'purſuit of ſo extravagant a Paſſion. 'I repreſented to him a thouſand in-'conveniences would attend it; I 'minded him of the Glory of his 'Birth, and the blemiſh it would be 'to him to amuſe himſelf with an 'Engagement ſo much beneath him: 'and at laſt threatned to write of it

'to his Parents. But all to no pur-
'poſe. He fell down at my feet,
'begg'd of me upon his knees and
'with tears in his Eyes, that for a
'Month or two I would permit him
'to pleaſe himſelf in his folly, ſwear-
'ing he would die or kill himſelf, if
'I forced him from *Aranjuez*. I knew
'not what to do; I was almoſt di-
'ſtracted, and wiſht I had never been
'concern'd with him. At laſt, after
'long reſiſtance, I yielded to his
'prayers and tears, and conſented
'to one Months ſtay at *Aranjuez*;
'and that he ſhould play what part
'he pleaſed there, but not under the
'Name or Character of what he
'really was; leaſt, if that came to
'be known, it might prove an inde-
'lible ſtain to him and to me. The
'fifth day we left *Aranjuez*, with
'deſign, according to my Promiſe,
'to return both together in a very
'ſhort time. We went to *Toledo*,
'and having ſent away all our

'People

'People to wait our coming at *Cor-*
'*dova*, in the way to *Sevile*, where
'we designed to go; we bought us
'two Habits of Shepherds, and re-
'turned to *Aranjuez*. Our design
'was to send him to the Gardiner's
'to live with him, and offer him
'very good terms, in hopes he would
'not know him in that disguise. In
'our way to *Aranjuez* we lay at an
'Inn, within two leagues of this
'Place, where the Host was a friend
'of the Gardiner's, and very ready
'to serve us, after a small present I
'made him. This Man recommend-
'ed him under the Name of *Anto-*
'*nine*, the Son of a Rich Shepherd
'near *Toledo*, who desired to have
'his Son kept at some distance from
'him, and offer'd a very good al-
'lowance for his maintenance. *Anto-*
'*nine* was very well received by the
'Gardiner. I stay'd at that Inn, and
'came two or three times a week to
'see the young Shepherd, but could

'never prevail with him to come a-
'way, putting me off ſtill from one
'Month to another; till yeſterday
'in the evening, the Gardiner ſent
'me an Expreſs to bring me the
'news of his misfortune. I will not
'trouble your Majeſty with the ſur-
'priſe and grief it put me to, I ſtay'd
'no longer than while I could put
'off my diſguiſe, as no longer uſe-
'ful; and reſume my former Habit,
'and came immediately away to the
'Gardiner's laſt night, where I was
'told all the paſſages.

The King no leſs charm'd than aſtoniſht at the circumſtances of this Story, reſolved to do Juſtice to the prejudice of his Affections; and to declare that Don *Alphonſo de Leon*, whoſe paſſion was ſo ſtrong and ſo tender, deſerv'd better than he to enjoy the fair *Dorothy*; he took the reſolution from that moment not to croſs him in his Amour. He got himſelf dreſt to go carry the news to

that

that Charming Maid, and to give her full liberty to dispose of her Heart as she pleased; thinking himself obliged by such a Sacrifice, to repair all the trouble and injury he had done that young Gentleman. But he was strangely astonisht, when, coming to *Dorothy*'s Chamber, he was told she lay not there that night, and that they knew not what was become of her.

He thought first she was gone to see *Antonine*; but then finding little reason for that, he fancied she was gone to her Father's, but could not guess for what end. Yet the jealousie he was not yet rid of, for all his resolution against it, had made that impression within him. It perswaded him against all appearance his first thoughts were true, and that she was certainly gone to *Antonine*: And to satisfie himself, he must go to the Prison to know the news.

He asked the Officer, who had been to ſee the Shepherd: He told him, Not any but the Marchioneſs's Maid, (ſo they called *Dorothy*) who had been all Night with him, and was there ſtill. The King redden'd to hear him, and asked him in ſome heat, if he had not given him order no body ſhould ſee the Shepherd? Except thoſe, Sir, anſwers the Officer, who ſhould ſhew me your Signet, which that Maid brought me. My Signet, ſays the King, putting his Hand in his Pocket: he found it was gone. And being highly offended with the boldneſs of the little Laſſe, he went into the Priſon to complain of her, where he ſaw the two tender Lovers, falling preſently at his feet. *Antonine* was the Speaker, and begg'd the King's Pardon, for two Loving Youths, who placing all their happineſs in the Enjoyment of each other, had united by indiſſoluble Bonds, what Love had

had already ſtrongly chained together. 'You ſhould not (anſwers 'the King, making them both ſtand 'up) by deſiring my Pardon, have 'robb'd me of the the glory I deſign-'ed my ſelf, by preventing your Pe-'tition with my Bounty: I am not 'come hither as a Rival jealous of 'your Happineſs, to croſs your Love 'any more; but I come as a Prince 'to do Juſtice to the moſt tender 'Paſſion in the World, which, (how-'ever it trouble me) I muſt own to 'have charm'd me.

'You ſhall be married, Don *Al-'phonſo*, adds he, embracing him, 'and I ſhall be very ſorry (having 'the eſteem I have for *Dorothy*) to 'hinder her good Fortune. *Anto-nine* hearing theſe laſt words, could no longer doubt, but the King had been fully informed who he was: and falling the ſecond time on his knees, would have excuſed what his exceſs of love made him do.

The

The King embracing him again, answered, 'He could not condemn 'a passion himself had been subject 'to; that the Beauty and merit of '*Dorothy* deserved better fortune 'than her Birth promised her. That 'it was no news to see (not Genle-'men, but) Princes to choose Con-'sorts out of Cottages: That Love 'wrought far greater miracles: and 'as for Birth, it was no obstacle in 'their Case, who are in a condition 'to bestow Honours, and Dig-'nities.

This Discourse was received with thanks and acknowledgments, from Don *Alphonso* and *Dorothy*. After which the King having sent for rich Cloaths for the one, and the other, he led them to the Palace, where he was pleased to have their Nuptials celebrated, with all the splendour and Magnificence due to the Quality of a Gentleman of the Ancient and Illustrious Family of *Leon*. The

King

King Honoured *Dorothie's* Parents with Titles of Nobility, and made her Father Governour of *Aranjuez*. The poor Marchioness was put into a Numery, and after two years pennance, her Husband who notwithstanding the accident at *Aranjuez*, had a love for her still, set her at liberty, and took her home to himself, where they liv'd the rest of their days in a fair correspondence, if you consider with how much reason they had been parted.

FINIS.

Bentley *in* Ruſſel-ſtreet, *in* Covent-Garden.

PLAYS.

TArtuff, or the French Purican, a Comedy, written in French by the famed Wit of *France*, Monſieur *Moliere*, and made Engliſh by Mr. *M. Medburne*.

Plays written by Madam *Behn*.

Forc'd Marriage, or the Jealous Bridegroom.

Abdelazar, or the Moor's Revenge.

The Town Fop, or Sir Timothy Taudry.

Plays written by Mr. *Howard*.

All Miſtaken: or, the Mad Couple.

The Engliſh Monſieur.

Plays

Caliſto, or the Chaſt Nymph, a Maſque Acted at the Court.

The Countrey Wit.

The Deſtruction of *Jeruſalem*, by *Titus Veſpatian*. In two Parts.

Andromache, a Tragedy.

Plays written by Mr. *Lee*.

The Tragedy of *Nero*.

Sophonisba, or *Hannibal*'s Overthrow.

Gloriana, or the Court of *Auguſtus Caſar*.

The Rival Queens, or the Death of *Alexander* the Great.

The Plain Dealer, written by Mr. *Wicherly*.

The Miſtaken Husband, part of it written by *John Dryden*, Eſq;

Dryden's Notes of *Morocco*.

Madam Fickle, or the Witty Falſe One, written by Mr. *Durfey*.

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Happy Slave, in Three Parts Compleat.

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Zelinda, a Romance, by Monsieur *Sidery* in 12.

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Mayer's Letters.

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Dr. *Hatten*'s Psalter in 12.

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Thomas a *Kempis*.

Lipsions of Constancy.

The Education of a Prince in 12.

The Triumphs of Love, over Fortune, a Novel.

FINIS.

LICENSED,

RO. L'ESTRANGE.

October 11.
1677.

THE Triumph OF LOVE OVER FORTUNE.

A Pleasant Novel.

Written in French *by that Great Wit of* France *M.* S^t. Bremond.

AND

Translated into English *by a Person of Quality.*

LONDON,
Printed for *James Magnes* and *Richard Bentley*, in *Russel-Street* in *Covent-Garden*, near the *Piazzas*. 1678.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

EARL

OF

MIDDLESEX.

My Lord,

I Bring you here the fineſt Girl of *Spain*, a Countrey Laſs, one of the Greateſt Mo-

narchs on Earth admir'd, and lov'd, and I conceive a fit Preſent for you. The danger is mine, who bringing you acquainted with ſo Fam'd a Foraign Beauty, may raiſe Jealouſie in the fairer *Engliſh*, who claim you ſo entirely for themſelves, they will not allow a ſtranger, though never ſo deſerving, a ſhare in you: But not to diſpleaſe the Charming

ing Sex, by my endeavours to pleaſe you, who are ſo much in their favour; I declare the Beauties I deal in are meerly Spiritual, and the Miſtreſs I offer you, of *Minerva's* breed, a Birth of the Brain. What cauſe of Jealouſie this Heroine would have given, could ſhe have appear'd before you, in all the Charms Nature enricht her with, I leave

to

to the Ladies to gueſs, and tremble at the apprehenſion. But in this Paper-dreſs, they will freely and unconcerned allow her entrance into your very Cloſet, to entertain you an hour or two with the happieſt Adventures of her Life. She is a Stranger, and may want Protection, and where ſhould ſhe addreſs her ſelf for it, but to the moſt Gallant of Men.

Men. 'Tis the ordinary priviledge of the Fair, to be every where well received, and deny'd nothing: but they need not insist on their Priviledge with your Lordship, who take Pleasure in obliging the Charming Sex, with unparalel'd Gallantry; not granting only, but preventing their desires, with your favours. Thus have you merited the honour

of

of their higheſt favorit. And were you pleaſed to impart the Memoirs of your good Fortunes, which you keep ſo private, it would make a Journal of Adventures, no Age could equal. The Chronicle of Love having not one inſtance of a Lover, ſo much belov'd, or a flame that hath raiſed ſo univerſal a jealouſie as yours.

But, my Lord, this is

 not

not intended any part of your Panegyrick; for though to be loved by the faireſt part of the World, and make the reſt of it jealous, be a thing charming, and glorious, yet hath your Lordſhip a thouſand excellent Qualities more Illuſtrious, more Glorious, which your Renown is principally grounded on, and leads me into a large Field of your

your praiſes, were I minded to diſplay them: But for Perſons of Merit, ſo well known as yours, and ſo exalted above the height of expreſſion, there is nothing ſo troubleſome to them, or unneceſſary for others, as a torrent of Praiſes. I will only aſſure your Lordſhip, I am with abundance of Paſſion and Reſpect

My Lord,

Your Lordſhips moſt humble,

and obedient Servant,

S. Bremond.

The Triumph of Love over Fortune.

THE Sun had newly paſt the vernal Æquinox, the Earth breath'd Sweets, the Air was mild and temperate, the Face of Heaven ſmil'd, and all the World look'd gay and youthful, when a King of *Spain* (whoſe Name Hiſtory mentions not) accepting readily the tempting invitation of that charming ſeaſon, reſolv'd to take the Country-Air, and pleaſe himſelf with thoſe divertiſements a ſhort receſs from *Madrid* fairly promis'd him. He was a Prince fam'd for Gallantry and Magnificence; and of his Courtiers who could pretend to either, there was

not one he took not with him to *Aranjues*; where, besides the pleasure they frequently took in Hunting, they were entertain'd with Balls and Dances, Opera's, Races, Tournaments, and other rare divertisements, wherein the Lords and Grandees of his Court wholly apply'd themselves to excel each other.

Aranjues is a House of pleasure, seated most deliciously, distant from *Madrid* a short days journey between that City and *Toledo*, well built and neatly furnish'd, but neither Furniture too rich, nor Building too Magnificent for a Palace-Royal and Residence of Majesty. The curious, who travel as far as *Madrid*, never forget to take a turn to *Aranjues* to view the Walks and Gardens there, as worth their sight; where the Bowers, the Water-works, the Grottes, the Fountains, Labyrinths, and other Ornaments entertain them with a pleasing

sing verdure, and by the joint favours of Art and Nature appears a charming Beauty. To compleat all, what can more delight the Eye than the fair Rows of Trees there of a prodigious height, in a Country which, for twenty Leagues about, scarce produces those of ordinary growth?

The King took more delight in that house (as fitted more for Liberty) than his Palaces of *Prado del Campo*, and the *Buen Retiro*, standing hard by the Gates of *Madrid*. The splendor he lived in there was attractive enough to bring thither all the Nobles of his Kingdom, had they wanted inclination to follow him where e're he went: But he was a Prince who, to the height of State and Power, added so many charming qualities of personal Excellency, 'twas difficult to judge whether his Subjects love, or duty to him were the greater.

Never was Reign happier than

his. He was a comely Perſon, handſom and witty to admiration, Young, tall, nimble, and capable of all that's brave, or great; of noble inclinations, worthy the Crown he wore. Thoſe leiſure-hours his glory and cares of State allow'd him, he beſtow'd in Love and Gallantry: and no Man ever acquitted himſelf better, and came off with more applauſe.

The *Spaniards* have in all Ages been obſerved much inclin'd to jealouſie: the Women there are ſlaves to that paſſion, before they know what 'tis to love. Hence it is they are ſuch early Lovers: 'tis natural, eſpecially for Women, to long for that which is forbidden them. Revolt is with them a certain effect of Reſtraint: and a Husband jealous (though of the moſt honeſt Wife on Earth,) is upon the point of being made what he moſt fears to be.

In

In this King's time, the Court of *Spain* had put on a new Face, the course of things, at least in matters of gallantry, was wholly alter'd, and Maxims introduc'd (quite contrary to those formerly in vogue; but) in favour of the Gallants: And their Party being strongest, the jealous were forced to slacken a little the rigor and strictness of Ancient Customs to make way for New. The Ladies had free access to all entertainments, and needed not those subtil Intrigues, and Multitude of Confidents they formerly us'd to carry on their Amours; the Races, the Walks and the Plays, were the ordinary Rendezvous to make and appoint, and sometimes to compleat and perform Assignations.

What a brave time was this for the *Spanish* Ladies! they think of it to this day with sorrow 'tis past: and declare with indignation that the Name of this King, which those

of his time suffer'd to be bury'd in oblivion, deserv'd to have been engraved in Letters of Gold over the Chamber-Doors of all the gallant Ladies of his Court, and transmitted to Posterity to be had in perpetual Veneration.

Amidst the pleasures of *Aranjues*, Love, jealous perhaps to see this Prince so long free, and not sensible of the power of his influence, resolved to find him imployment by engaging him in an Amour the more difficult to manage, as having in it no pretence from Ambition or Fortune to countenance the pursuit: And the truth is, it gave him more trouble than an hundred others he had been engag'd in. This was not an Amour with the Daughter, or Wife of any Grandee of his Kingdom: He had already past through all the Degrees of his Nobility; not a Lord in his Court, but by a Wife, a Daughter, or a Kinswoman was related to the

King. But the preſent Engagement was more extraordinary, as very remote from any thing of Pomp, or of Grandeur. 'Twas in a Garden, from among the Roſes and Lilles, Love pick'd out a Beauty to charm the King: a Beauty to which *Aranjues* gave Birth.

Among the Courtiers (who made it their buſineſs to find every day ſome new divertiſement for the King) one reſolv'd to entertain him with a Shepherd who play'd excellently on the Flute. The King, a great Lover of Muſick, (eſpecially on thoſe Country-Inſtruments) took extreme delight in hearing him play.

And finding that the Shepherd, beſides his skill in Muſick, had in all his actions an Air and Grace free from any clowniſhneſs, he was ſo taken with him, that he admitted him of his Muſick, and gave him (as the reſt) a Penſion of two hundred Patacoons a year.

This generous bounty of the King had put another Shepherd into a tranſport of joy, but was received by *Antonine* with a calmneſs and moderation which aſtoniſht that Prince, and forc'd him, after a ſtricter examination of his Shepherd, now his new Muſician, to ſay, the Body of that plain Shepherd lodg'd a large and noble Soul. Some Lords taking notice of the pleaſure the King took in viewing him, (though they did not comprehend his thoughts of him) told the King, that to perfect the divertiſement, he muſt ſee dance to the Flute, the Gardiner's Daughter of *Aranjues*, the prettieſt Maid of all the Neighbourhood: The King immediately long'd to ſee her, and commanded ſhe ſhould come before him.

She came dreſt like a Nymph: and *Antonine* ſcarce began to play on his Flute, but ſhe fell a-dancing; and with that grace, that cadence, thoſe geſtures ſo proper and ſo taking,

king, that she charm'd the whole Court. She was a Girl about fifteen years of age, having a little of the Country Meen, and Air, but nothing rustick, and a very pleasing Face.

The King (none of the most insensible) first felt the force of her charms, every step she made, each gesture, every action of the little Country-Lass were so many Magick Spells to inchant this Prince. He felt his heart seiz'd with an unaccountable sudden joy, as she drew near him in dancing, or look'd upon him, and 'twas not in his power to forbear, once or twice, discovering his Passion by Exclamations the whole Court took notice of.

This was the only pleasure he took all that day; a pleasure that troubled all the rest they would have diverted him with at *Aranjues*. The little Maid was scarce withdrawn with the Shepherd, but the King fell into a deep melancholy, which put him

wholly out of humour. He had obſerv'd a familiarity betwixt 'em, which, though uſual among Country-People, ſeem'd to trouble him though he knew not why. The Ladies he had moſt eſteem for endeavour'd to divert him, but in vain; for he ſpent the reſt of the day in walking alone, to enjoy the pleaſure of his new Idea's.

He was reſtleſs all night, and could not ſleep, he thought a thouſand times of the little Country-Girl, and indeed could think of nothing elſe; he fancy'd her ſo beautiful and charming, ſo innocent, ſo Country-like, that his imaginations finiſh'd the work Love had but begun.

The Sun had ſcarce appear'd in his Chamber, but he got up; and being dreſt, went a walking in the Garden, where he ſent for the Shepherd to furniſh himſelf with a pretence for ſeeing the Girl, whom he preſently gave order for. *Antonine* play'd

play'd on the Flute, the Girl danced; the king charmed anew with new graces he fancy'd he discover'd every moment in her, was more and more affected, and, in a word, deeply in love with her. No sooner had this Passion taken possession of his heart, but his jealousie of the Shepherd increas'd. He saw the Girl smile on him, and observ'd a tenderness expresst in every look she gave him; and that she took pleasure in speaking to him: and that the Shepherd discover'd some little complaisances of a Lover, both when he play'd, and when he came near her, which convinc'd the King there was between them a correspondence of affection. This vext the King at heart, and the more because his passion was so new he durst not yet reveal it: At last, unable to endure the torment of his own impatience, and unwilling to be longer witness of the Shepherd's happiness to which he thought

thought himself contributary, he sent away the Gardiner's Daughter, but kept the Shepherd with him. He continued walking without speaking a word to any but Don *Augustin*, Marques *de Las Tarrillas* his Confident and Favourite, to whom he reveal'd the secret of his affection, with expressions and sighs which sufficiently evidenc'd he had never been so deep in Love. The Marques having observ'd the King had till then been taken only with Beauties eminent for Birth and Merit, was surpris'd to see him on the sudden fall so low. He was a dextrous Courtier, a great Master of the Art of pleasing Princes; but in spight of all his policy and complaisance for his King, he could not forbear telling him (with that liberty which brought him into favour) that an Engagement, that so ill became his Quality and Character, would occasion much discourse in a Country naturally too satyri-

satyrical: "There are, Sir, adds he, in "your Court more accomplish'd Beau- "ties, more Noble and Illustrious, "whose charms will not stain the "splendor of your affection. "Yes, "replys the King, there are Beau- "ties who love my Quality, not me; "whose kindness terminates in "themselves, who pretend a passion "for me, only to serve their inte- "rest, and raise their fortunes. Who "consent to my desires out of hopes "to be advanc'd by the affection of "a King: Take these hopes away, "and assure your self of a repulse. "Ah, Don *Augustin*, 'tis a misery "for a delicate and tender Lover not "to know whether he ows his Con- "quests to Merit, or to Fortune; or "at least whether they are not gain'd "more by what appears without, "than what moves within. "But, "Sir, said Don *Augustin*, consider "'tis a Gardiner's Daughter. "Yes, "a Gardiner's Daughter, replys the "King,

"King; and pray, adds he in some "heat, what were such and such, "before I made them what they are? "And how many Grandees are there "this day at Court who owe their "rise to Love; and had it not been "for the gallantries of my Ancestors, "had perhaps been less than the Fa- "ther of this charming Maid. Con- "sider with your self what pleasure "it will be to me to gain the love of "that innocent Girl, who peradven- "ture knows not what Love is, till I "teach her; who desires not Riches "or Titles; whose kindness will be "an effect of my passion, and her "affection a Creature of mine.

Don *Augustin* finding by this discourse 'twould be in vain to endeavour diverting the King from a passion he had so deeply espous'd, apply'd himself wholly (as is usual with those of his Character) to please him in serving his passion, and preserve himself the honour of his Confidence;

dence; telling him, he needed only to have the Gardiner spoken to, who would think himself too much honoured that his Majesty should vouchsafe his Daughter a look. "Yes, replys the King; and should "the Father be for me and deliver "me his Daughter, think you that "Sacrifice would satisfie my passion? "No, no, Don *Augustin*; the passi-"on I have for that amiable Crea-"ture is not such as you imagine, "which a bare fruition may satisfie; "I must have her affection, or no-"thing, and cannot expect any rest "till I have gained her heart. I con-"fess the Enterprize appears diffi-"cult to take a Place by formal At-"taques, where Art, Wit, and per-"haps Merit will be useless: but "this, if I succeed, will render the "Conquest more worthy my affecti-"on, and heighten the pleasure of "having obtain'd my desire. You "speak of Beauty, adds he, having

"walked

"walked some paces without saying "a word, is there any thing so pret- "ty in all the Court? and had you "observ'd her stature, her parts, her "meen, the grace attends all she "says, all she does, durst you have "told me there is any thing so "charming in the World? Exa- "mine her better, view her more "strictly, and you will see there is not "a finer Girl under Heaven. She "has not the breeding of our Ladies, "but is that a fault? is not pure Na- "ture more amiable?

After a discourse so full of Argu- ments of Love, which the Marques thought not fit to contradict, the King asked who the Gardiner was, and whom the Shepherd belong'd to. The Marques being ignorant of both, could not give any satisfactory account; but had order to inform himself particularly where the Gar- diner dwelt, what Family he had, and how descended; and to take it into

into his ſpecial protection and care: and to enquire who the Shepherd was, and whether he viſited the Gardiner's Daughter.

A Maſter is never ſerved with more cheerfulneſs than in his Amours, as the beſt Scene for the Servant to play his own Game in, eſpecially having hopes effectually to anſwer the Maſter's expectation, as Don *Auguſtin* had. He ſent that very day in ſearch of *Dorothy*'s Father, and after ſeveral diſcourſes about his Family, let him know he was in a fair way to come to as good fortune as a Man of his condition could wiſh. He ask'd him if he knew *Antonine*, and was fully inform'd by the Gardiner concerning that Shepherd: then he bid him have a care of his Daughter, whom he was to look upon as the Author of his good fortune, without giving further light whether the Marqueſs, or any other were concern'd in the advice. This was ſo managed

managed by order from the King: And the Expreſſions (like infallible Oracles) coming from the Mouth of the Marqueſs *de las Torrillas*, whoſe Countenance was ſufficient to raiſe the fortune of the greateſt Subject of *Spain*, ſo tranſported the Good Man that he knew not how to make his acknowledgment for joy. The Marqueſs, to make good his words by ſuitable effects, put into his hand a Purſe of an hundred Piſtols, the moſt certain confirmation he could poſſibly have given the Gardiner of the News he had told him. He return'd home, ſo fully aſſur'd by what he had in his hand, of the favourable influence of his Stars, that he thought himſelf the happieſt, if not the richeſt Man upon Earth.

The Favourite having executed his Commiſſion, like a worthy Confident, goes to give his Maſter an account; and acquainting him with the Particulars of the Gardiner's Family,

mily, told him, he was fully inform'd he was a very honeſt Man, who lived very privately, not admitting into his Houſe any one might bring a ſcandal upon him: And that his Daughter *Dorothy* had the Reputation of a Maid ſo free from intrigue that ſhe had never been ſuſpected to have been engag'd in one. "And what of *Antonine*, ſays the King? *An-*
"*tonine*, Sir, ſays the Marqueſs, is the
"Son of a rich Shepherd near *Tolledo*,
"who was recommended to the Gar-
"diner, and lodges at his Houſe.
"*Antonine*, replys the King ſighing,
"doth he Lodge at *Dorothy*'s Fa-
"ther's? "Yes, Sir, ſaid the Mar-
"queſs, very much ſurpriz'd to ſee
"how the King received the News
"of it; but I believe there's no
"cauſe to fear him. "More cauſe,
"replys the King, more a great deal
"than you think. "What, a Shep-
"herd, anſwers the Marqueſs?
"Yes, a Shepherd, ſays the King;
a Shep-

"a Shepherd who hath all the good "qualities requiſite to gain the love "of a Shepherdeſs. Had you view'd "him with the Eyes of a Lover, you "would have quickly diſcovered "what 'tis to be ſuch a Shepherd. "Don *Auguſtin*, adds he, no Rival "is contemptible; to ſlight him, is "to loſe all. "But, Sir, ſays the "Marqueſs, you are his Maſter, and "may rid your hands of him when "you pleaſe: Theſe ſort of Lovers "have not ſo ſtrong inclinations as "we. Give him but a better Em-"ployment in another place than he "hath here, he'll yield up his Shep-"herdeſs to you, and quit all his pre-"tenſions to her. "You think ſo, "replys the King, but I do not. But "ſhould I comply with my affection "in taking your advice, what will "the World ſay of my removing the "Shepherd after the favour I have "ſhew'd him? will they not ſay I "have baniſh'd him? And the Wits,

"who

"who claim a ſoveraign jurisdiction
"to cenſure all actions, when they
"ſee me court this Girl; will they
"not ſay preſently, I was jealous of
"*Antonine*? No, no, I am con-
"cern'd in Reputation to let him ſtay
"with her at the peril of having my
"paſſion made publick by removal
"of him: if he be a profeſt Lover of
"her, 'tis my part to endeavour gain-
"ing her from him. But I muſt firſt
"know how far he is advanc'd, whe-
"ther ſhe is pleas'd with his addreſ-
"ſes, or barely permits them, or
"loves him in good earneſt. Theſe
"Myſteries are never well diſcover-
"ed, but by thoſe who have been in
"Love; a meer Confident cannot
"penetrate them: Therefore get
"two Suits made me after the Coun-
"try-Faſhion; and let them be
"brought me to-morrow at my ri-
"ſing: I will go in Perſon to the
"Gardiner's, to obſerve *Dorothy* and
Antonine.

Any

Any Man but the Marquess would have boggled, and been scandaliz'd at a design so contrary to the *Spanish* Gravity, and unsuitable to Majesty; but he was so well acquainted with the Gallantries of his Prince, and so verst in the management of them for the King, who loved adventures and disguises, that he was ready to fall a laughing at the Frolick: but reflecting they had no acquaintance, nor correspondence at the Gardiner's, he apprehended some mischance which might be laid to his charge. He represented it to the King as he carried him the Habits on the Morrow, telling him he expos'd the Majesty of his Person to affront, by adventuring disguis'd into a Man's House he was not acquainted with. The King who lov'd not to be cross'd, made him a short answer, that in matters of Love he expected from a Person of his Character a great deal of Complaisance, but no

Coun-

Counsel, and that the advice he commonly took in those Cases, was only such as his affection suggested him. He put on one of those Suits, and the Marquess having taken the other, they went down a privy Stair which brought them to a Walk in the Garden; where they were no sooner entred, but they saw *Dorothy* picking Flowers. The jealous Prince, ravish'd with joy, made signs to Don *Augustin* to follow him without noise; and went with him into the Muses Bower, at the corner of the Walk, where they hid themselves from her. "'Tis an excellent op-"portunity, says the King to his Con-"fident, we must follow her to see "who the Nosegay is made for.

The patience of the Monarch, on this occasion, was admirable, but must be considered as an effect of his Love. At last *Dorothy* goes out, taking the way of the Long Walks, to the astonishment of the Parties concern'd, espe-

eſpecially the Amorous Prince, who more curious than ever to know whither ſhe went, follow'd her with no ſmall perplexity and agitation of heart. It was not long but he might gueſs at her deſign; for they were ſcarce paſt the ſecond Walk but they heard *Antonine*'s Flute, which the King thought not half ſo ſweet then as formerly. He looked twice or thrice on Don *Auguſtin* without ſaying a word; but not able to conceal his jealouſie longer, "You ſee "now, ſays he, whether I have not "reaſon enough to fear this Rival. "Ah, Don *Auguſtin*, my Curioſity "is like to coſt me dear: but 'tis no "matter, let's go and ſee all. They went beſide the Walks to avoid being ſeen by her: at laſt they ſaw *Dorothy* making up to *Antonine*, and preſenting him with the Noſegay; which the Shepherd receiving with actions full of Love, and of Joy, took her by the hand, which ſhe permit-

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ted him to kiſs; a great Favour in *Spain*, and ſignifies ſomething more. This vext the Jealous King at the heart, to that degree of Impatience he was juſt making up to them. But *Dorothy* having not ſtay'd a moment longer with the Shepherd, the King advanced no further, but returned towards the Palace.

He was penſive and melancholy, and paſt thoſe ſhady Walks muſing of the happineſs of a Shepherd, which a King was forced to envy. He acquainted the Marqueſs with his thoughts; the Marqueſs told him, the beſt way to quiet his Spirits was to ſend away the Shepherd. 'But 'who can aſſure me, replies the King, 'that by removing him from *Doro-*'*thy*'s Perſon, I ſhall remove him 'from her affection. A months ab-'ſence, Sir, ſays the Marqueſs, 'will aſſure you of it. Abſence, an-'ſwers the King, too frequently 'ſtrengthens affection; and I am not

LICENSED,

RO. L'ESTRANGE.

October 11.
1677.

THE Triumph OF LOVE OVER FORTUNE.

A Pleasant Novel.

Written in French *by that Great Wit of* France *M.* S^t. Bremond.

AND

Translated into English *by a Person of Quality.*

LONDON,
Printed for *James Magnes* and *Richard Bentley*, in *Russel-Street* in *Covent-Garden*, near the *Piazzas*. 1678.

got a little out of the Crowd, 'was ever Lover so unfortunate as 'I? Here is a Rival, and a Rival 'belov'd. I must of necessity either 'conquer my passion, or send him 'packing. Yet such is my weak-'ness, I cannot do the one or the o-'ther. The Favourite complying with the humor of his Master, answered, 'Twas in truth something rare to see a Prince in Love (as he was) express so much Goodness and Favour for a Shepherd, who stood in his way, and might cross his Designs: But that sometimes particular Engagements require particular Conduct. 'Hitherto, Sir, adds he, 'you have lov'd like a King: variety 'is pleasant, and to change some-'times is very delightful. Perhaps 'you may find pleasure in devesting 'your self of Majesty, and addressing 'your self to a Countrey-Girl, after 'the manner of those of her Chara-'cter who court her. The King was

willing

willing to do it, and to let the Marquess see how kindly he took the overture, he told him, That in Love-Policy the first thing a Lover is to do, is to accommodate himself to the Condition and humor of his Mistress: And that those Charming bonds of Sympathy, which link'd hearts into so close an union, had their beginning from thence. However, they concluded *Dorothy* should be taken from her Parents, and placed with some Lady of the Court, where the King might see her with more convenience and less noise.

The Marquess willing to have the honour of managing the Intrigue, and loth any other should pretend to the Advantage he promis'd himself from it, proposed to the King, That *Dorothy* should be placed with the Marchioness his Wife; her Appartment being next the King's, (who was every day there) and the most convenient of any in the Palace.

The King had thought of it before; but the Marchioneſs, though young and handſom, made great profeſſion of Vertue, and ſtood much upon her Honour, which made the King fear ſhe would be hardly induc'd to accept a ſhare in that Confidence he was willing to repoſe in her. No man knew her better than the King, having been formerly in love with her, though without any conſiderable ſucceſs; which had not a little contributed to the haughtineſs of this Lady, and gain'd her the Reputation of an Extraordinary Merit. So rare are the Examples of Beauties whoſe Vertue is proof againſt the Paſſions of Kings: we muſt ſeek them in former Ages. In our days faults committed with Princes, are ſo far from being reputed crimes, that the offenders triumph in their weakneſs, and make their Infirmity their Glory. The Marchioneſs *de las Torillas* might have pretended to the honour

of

of the Vertuous Ladies of Ancient Times, and the King after the experience he had of her Vertue, had reason to fear she would not be pleased with the Employment. But the Marquess, the most zealous of Favorites to do a Master service, had that confidence in the kindness his Lady had for him, and made the King believe so much of the power he had over her, that this Prince, who desir'd it as much at least as the Marquess, gave him leave to propose it to his Lady.

The Marquess took his time. Man and Wife can guess pretty near the good hour they may obtain what they desire of one another. *Don Austin* was of opinion the Lucky moment was much about the time of first waking in the morning. After some little endearments and caresses, for prologue to the ensuing discourse, he fell a-talking of Love, how it takes us when we least think on't,

and ſometimes by objects that little deſerv'd it: that this had happen'd to the King, whoſe affection had ſtoop'd ſo low as the Gardiner's pretty Daughter. That in truth it appeared a blemiſh to his Honour, which till now had not permitted him to place his affection on any object unworthy it. But that Love is Blind, and Kings are Men as well as others. He paſt then to the obligations they were under to their Prince, who daily beſtow'd new Favours upon them: And when he came to the point of acquainting her with the King's deſire to have the Gardiner's Daughter with her, he endeavour'd to gild over the propoſal with the advantages it would bring them, to have in their Family a young Innocent thing who would be at their diſpoſe, and by the paſſion the King had for her, was like to be one of the greateſt Ladies at Court, and improve by that means their Credit and Favour. The

haughty

haughty Marchioness had not the patience to let him finish a discourse so injurious to the Glory she pretended to, but rejecting all that fair shew of Honour and Fortune to be purchas'd on such shameful conditions, she told him, He was a dirty and pittiful Fellow to undertake a business of this nature, and but think a Woman of her Quality and Vertue could act so base and unworthy a part. This confounded *Don Austin*, and had utterly defeated him, but that the King, who could not sleep, came in to his aid. He was impatient to know the answer of the Marchioness, and entring her Chamber, found her very angry, and little dispos'd to grant his request. She gave him almost the same Language she had given *Don Austin*, but temper'd with the Civility and respects due to Majesty: But as she complain'd what small value he had for her, after so many reasons to esteem her, she added:

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he was Maſter there, and might diſpoſe as he pleas'd of her Apartment; but ſhe hop'd he would give her leave to retire, that he might have the more room, and ſhe not incommode him. The King who never quitted a deſign he had eſpous'd, heard her without the leaſt interruption. And when ſhe had done, he ſpoke her ſo fair, and gave her ſuch ſmooth and inſinuating Language, that he made her believe it would not reflect upon her Honour to grant him his deſire. In a word, he obtain'd her conſent to take *Dorothy* for one of her Maids, and promis'd her ſhe ſhould be no further concern'd.

The King triumphing for the conqueſt he had gain'd over the Marchioneſs, the moſt haughty and tender of her Honour of all the Ladies of his Court, told the Marqueſs, He muſt go ſpeak to *Dorothy*'s Father. The Gardiner brought his Daughter to *Don Auſtin*; and thought himſelf ſo much

much oblig'd for the Preſent of the hundred Piſtoles, that he would in acknowledgment have brought him his Wife had he deſir'd it.

Antonine was then tending his Sheep, and, at his return home, ſufficiently ſurpriz'd not to find *Dorothy* there, and to hear ſhe was gone to wait on the Marchioneſs *de las Torillas*, he ſtay'd not a moment at the Gardiner's, but would go learn of *Dorothy* what made that Lady take her into her Family. He had diſcover'd it was the Marqueſs would have honoured him with the Employment of Porter of *Buen Retiro*; and knowing he was ſeldom guilty of too much generoſity, nor reputed very obliging, he ſuſpected him for the favour he would have done him. And now, thinks he, the King hath the goodneſs to allow me to ſtay here, the Marqueſs muſt prefer *Dorothy* to wait upon his Lady?

Antonine, whoſe Wit (as well as Birth)

Birth) was too high for the Condition of a Shepherd, though he wore the habit, presently discover'd there was design in the Business: That the love he had for that Maid, and the kindness she expresst for him had been taken notice of: And some were grown jealous of him. But *Don Austin* was the Man he suspected, having no thought the King was concern'd. *Antonine* goes to Court, enters the Marchioness Apartment, and making use of that liberty the King's Favour allow'd him, he runs up and down, and at last finds his Mistriss, walking alone in a Chamber, where the Marquess had newly left her. He takes her aside, and being scarce able to speak for the trouble he was in, 'Dorothy, says he, 'you know I love you, and there-'fore may believe none more glad 'than my self for your good Fortune 'in being plac'd with the Marchioness 'de las Torillas. You will never have

'a

'a Fortune answerable to your merit
'and my wishes: But, to deal plainly
'with you, this design of taking
'you from your Father's bodes me no
'good. I am too sensible of it; I will
'not tell you why, nor how, for I
'cannot if I would: but there is
'something in it makes me terribly
'afraid. Nor that I can think you
'will change your affection with
'your Fortune: And that being
'made higher than you were, you
'will slight a Shepherd, who slights
'all for you. I have a better opinion
'of your Kindness and Constancy,
'and know you better principl'd than
'to give me cause to suspect you of
'any thing so mean. But, *Dorothy*, the
'Court is a dangerous place for a
'young thing as you are, and you
'quit the Innocence of our Woods
'to follow the Court. You are here
'in a House, where doubtless I cannot
'have the same liberty as at your Fa-
'ther's; nor see you but in the croud,

'nor

'nor ſpeak with you but before wit-
'neſs: What a torment will this be
'to a Shepherd that loves you as I
'do? who deſire to ſee you every
'moment, and have always ſome-
'thing to ſay to you. To theſe A-
morous reaſons he added a thou-
ſand conſiderations, which made
great impreſſion on the young Maid,
as ſpoken by one who had the gift
of perſwading her what-ever he
pleas'd. She was juſt going back
with him to her Father's, but *Anto-
nine* told her ſhe muſt not be too
haſty. And as he was upon acquaint-
ing her with the meaſures ſhe ſhould
obſerve, word was brought her the
King would ſpeak with her, and ſtay-
ed for her in the Marchioneſs's Cham-
ber. *Antonine*, who thought him-
ſelf ſo much in the King's Favour,
that he might without offence bear
Dorothy company, was willing to fol-
low her, as well to make an end of
what he had to ſay to her, as to ſa-
tisfy

tisfy the curiosity he had to know what the King would have with her. They came to the Marchioness's Chamber, where they found only *Don Austin* and his Lady, which was no small help to make the Shepherd believe his first suspicions were not ill-grounded, That the Marquess had a mind to *Dorothy*, and would have got rid of him by sending him to *Buen Retiro*, and had plac'd her with his Lady, on no other design but to part him and *Dorothy*; and to make the easier prey of her Innocence, us'd the King's Name and Authority against him and her. To compleat his trouble, and convince him throughly of the misfortune he dreaded, they were scarce entred the Chamber, but the Marquess took *Dorothy* by the hand, and led her into another Room where the King stay'd for her, unseen by *Antonine* who was left alone with the Marchioness. This Lady observing the

counte-

countenance of the Shepherd, fell a-laughing to see him look so pale and wan at his Mistriss being taken from him. And to prevent the suspicion of being party to the design, she resolved to divertise her self with discoursing of it, and to clear her Reputation she came up to a window where *Antonine* was, and ask'd him smiling, how he durst trust *Dorothy* with the Marquess? 'I know not, 'Madam, answers he, but believe 'I must take my measures in that 'particular from you, who are e-'qually concern'd, and (I perswade 'my self,) have power enough to 'prevent any thing of that nature 'you had reason to fear. The Marchioness surpriz'd at the answer, would try a little further, telling him *Don Austin* was Master there, and his will was a law to her. 'I may, re-'plyes the Shepherd, say as much of '*Dorothy*, and with a great deal more 'reason: For I have not any right 'over

'over her, nor is she oblig'd to give 'me an account of her actions. But 'you love her, answers the Lady, and 'Lovers have great rights to their 'Mistresses. *Don Austin*, Madam, re-'plyes *Antonine*, is your Husband, 'and Marriage hath higher rights 'than Love can pretend to. The Marchioness, charmed with these re-parties so much above the capacity of a Shepherd, look'd upon him with admiration, viewing him a pretty while without saying a word. But to bring him in play again: '*Don* '*Austin*, sayes she, has found a pretty 'young Girl he likes better than me, 'and if he loves her, must I take it 'ill? No, Madam, answers *Antonine*, 'if you love him not: But I who love 'this Girl with an unparallel'd passi-'on, should, I confess, be at my 'Wit's end to see another partake 'with me the happiness of being 'lov'd by her. You are jealous then, '*Antonine*, sayes the Lady not able to

'for-

'forbear laughing. I really am ſo, Ma-
'dam, anſwers he, not that I think
'I have any reaſon for't on this occa-
'ſion, but that in truth I cannot for-
'bear it on any: And ſhould *Don*
'*Auſtin* deſign no more than diver-
'tiſement and do all this in jeſt, as I
'am perſwaded he does, yet is he
'guilty of the higheſt Cruelty ima-
'ginable, in tormenting a poor Shep-
'herd who hath no pleaſure of Life
'but the Love of his Shepherdeſs,
'wherein *Don Auſtin* gives us di-
'ſturbance without any reaſon. The
more the Marchioneſs heard *Anto-
nine* ſpeak, the more willing ſhe was
to give him occaſion of ſpeaking. She
had heard ſay he was very gentile in
his Expreſſions, and had a particu-
lar grace in ſpeaking, which was re-
ported the reaſon of the Kings loving
him as he did, but ſhe would never
have believ'd he had the Wit ſhe
perceiv'd in him, his diſcourſe having
more than ſurpriz'd her.

Don

Don Austin coming out of the King's Chamber, took his Lady aside, praying her to send away the Shepherd; for if the King found him there, he would think she had kept him with her of purpose to cross his designs. *Antonine* seeing the Marquess come out, thought *Dorothy* was alone, and asked the Lady whether he might not be allow'd to see her. She told him, No; And that, if he might, she would not advise him to't. 'It seems then, Madam, sayes *Antonine*, *Don Austin* hath forbid it, and 'came in for that purpose, being jealous I would endeavour it; and 'you are willing to comply with 'him. No, no, answers she ready 'to burst with laughing, I'le secure 'you from *Don Austin*. He's not the 'Man y' are to fear: But 'tis enough, '*Antonine*, withdraw. What say 'you, Madam, you will secure me 'from the Marquess, and would have 'me withdraw: Can I be so unfortu-

'nate,

'nate, (addes he with a lamentable 'tone,) to have any other to fear? I 'know not, answers she, but should 'it fall out so, as possible it may, you 'must be chearful as you can: 'Tis no 'news for Lovers to have Rivals, and 'you may have a Rival may be more 'for your advantage than misfor-'tune. The Marchioness let fall these last words out of negligence and meer carelessness, to manage (as she might) an affair which procur'd at once her vexation and her scorn. These haughty Ladies who glory in loving no body, and not admitting love from any, are jealous of all the World, when others are jealous only of those they love. The Shepherd fix'd his Eye on her awhile, as if he would have read in her Countenance the truth of what she had said. 'More for my advantage, Ma-'dam! replyes he, Can it be for 'my advantage to be robb'd of all I 'love in the World? The more po-

'tent

'tent the Rival, the greater the mis-
'fortune; and I ſhould be very ſorry
'he ſhould prove ſuch as you ſay.
'Oh Heavens! cryes he, not giving
'her time to anſwer, ſhould he be
'the Man I imagin! and ſhould
'I have been born to ſo much miſ-
'fortune! He pronounced theſe words with ſo vehement action, and ſo loud a voice, the Lady was afraid the King had heard him; and that ſhe might be charg'd with having ſpoken too much, the Shepherd having fully diſcover'd what ſhe thought ſhe had not half told him. She took him by the hand, and mov'd with the tears ſhe ſaw him ſhed, bid him (with an air of Complaiſance) trouble himſelf no further, but come again, and he ſhould ſpeak with *Dorothy* who could better inform him.
'Ah! Madam, anſwers he, I am un-
'done, I know too much from you.

With that he went out ſo oppreſt with grief he was ſcarce able to ſtand:

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The Marchioness was troubl'd to see him gone, because she had not given him more comfort at parting, but she was so astonisht at what she had heard that she could hardly believe her senses. She had not only never seen a Shepherd who could discourse as he had done, but never known any so tender a Lover. She could do no other all day than think with what grace and what transports he expreſt his passion: And she observ'd in his sentiments something so noble, so rare and so moving, that without being guilty of downright inhumanity, she thought it impossible not to be affected with them. But by perswading her self of this truth, she found her heart unquiet, and did nothing but sigh all the night long. She saw not the consequence of it, or at least would not see it. She who had the haughtiness and height of Spirit to despise and reject the addresses of a Crown'd Head, could not fancy her self

self capable of the weakness to make account of a poor Shepherd. She had indeed pitty'd his tears, but she thought that was all.

The King the hotteſt Lover in the World, being never at eaſe but when *Dorothy* was in ſight, yet unwilling notice ſhould be taken of his violent inclinations for her, gave order for ſome days all the Diverti ſements of the Court ſhould be in the Marchioneſs's Apartment, where very few had entrance; and of thoſe few who were admitted, poor *Fortunine* could never make one, though he endeavour'd to get in all the wayes in his power. This troubled him the more, as having not been able to reſt day or night ſince his laſt diſcourſe with the Marchioneſs, nor ever likely to be at eaſe, till he could ſpeak with his Miſtreſs.

The Marchioneſs who would have been very glad to ſee him, admiring he was not come to her for many

days, knew not what to think on't. She spy'd him one morning walking under her windows, and having made signs to him to come up presently, gave order to an old Housekeeper, her Confident, to let him into her Chamber as privately as possible. 'Antonine, says the Marchioness, methinks of a Lover so passionate as you, y'are soon comforted for the loss of your Mistress. I cannot yet think her altogether lost, Madam, answers he, nor guess at the reason they were so cruel to deny me the favour of seeing her. You must look you out another Mistress, Antonine, says the Lady, and such a Shepherd as you are may have your choice. Look out another, Madam, replyes Antonine, with a tone that sufficiently evidenced his grief and surprize, she must be first false to me, and I very clearly convinc'd of it. Besides, I know not whether after all I should not rather

choose ceasing to live than to love her. But, Madam, adds he like a Man in a fright, is it from her you give me this advice, and has she no more mind to me? I do not say so, answers the Lady, I believe *Dorothy* loves you: But 'twere better for you to think of another in time, and I tell it you as a Friend. As long as *Dorothy* loves me, replyes the Shepherd, 'twill be impossible for me to change. And did you but know what 'tis for a Lover like me to quit his Mistress, you are too generous, Madam, to advise me to't: But if *Dorothy*, adds he in a very pressing and curious manner, be not false to me, why should I quit her, Madam, unless you take it ill I should make love to her in your Family. No, *Antonine*, answers the Lady, you are too expert and discreet a Lover to be found fault with for making Love: I will give you no trouble in't. But in

She ſtopt there. 'Ah! Madam, ſays the Shepherd, ſeeing her make 'a ſtop, what torment have you put 'me to for three or four days, that 'you have left me in doubt whom I 'am to fear! The Marchioneſs bid him come again at nine a clock at night, when the King went to Councel, and ſhe would let him ſee *Dorothy*, who would tell him what ſhe was loath to let him know, being very unwilling to be the firſt ſhould give him ſo ill news.

Antonine content with this hope, though rack'd with ſuſpicion, returned home to wait with impatience the hour was aſſign'd him.

The Marchioneſs was more charmed than ever with the merit of the Shepherd. She found in him the Character of ſo tender and paſſionate a Lover, ſhe confeſt no heart could be ſo inſenſible not to be affected with him. And for her part, her haughtineſs in ſlighting Love, muſt

own an obligation to the Court for producing no Lovers but what were corrupt: And she doubted now and then, whether it were not pardonable in a Lady of her Quality and Honour, to love a Shepherd as *Antonine*. These doubts and Reflections were so strong and so piercing, her heart which at first felt only the point of them, found it self at length very deeply wounded: But she would not yet complain of it, because the wound, though dangerous, had something of pleasure in't which charm'd away the pain. In these vertuous Souls so little accustom'd to love, the least touch proves an incurable wound: they rely upon their haughtiness, and their Greatness of Spirit, which often abuses them, & is sometimes the instrument which betrays them to Love. The fair Marchioness full of her New Ideas, was drown'd in an Amorous amusement from morning till night; when the

King entred her Chamber with *Dorothy* by the hand, and pray'd her she would for a little while take his little Mistress into her care, and he would presently return. The Lady's thoughts were at that time so distracted, she heard not a word the King said, and knew not what to answer him. He was not well pleased with it, and discovering a coldness and melancholy in her countenance, he would have ask'd her the reason; but was hastned into the Councel by business of extraordinary importance. *Dorothy* remain'd with the Marchioness, who taking an exacter view of her than formerly, thought her handsomer than ever; or that she appeared so at least to her who already began to be jealous. She ask'd her if she had not a desire to see *Antonine*: to which *Dorothy* having answered with a blush, 'twas long since she saw him, and she would be very glad to see him. Now, the Lady reply'd, she should

should see him that evening, but the King must not know it: she had hardly done speaking, but *Alice* the House-keeper came in to let her know *Antonine* was at the door. The Marchioness bid *Dorothy* go into the Closet, to surprize him the more. She was willing to have the pleasure of seeing him a moment in private, and make him sensible the obligation he had to her for the goodness she express'd towards him. And it was no small favour for a Lady, who in point of honour had refus'd to intermeddle with the Amours of a King, to make her self the Confident of a Shepherd and a Gardiner's Daughter. So much do we differ from our selves as occasions moves us, so easy a matter is it to dispense with scruples our passion are inclin'd to remove.

'You are very punctual, *Antonine*, 'says she, as he came in, 'and if I 'mistake not, are come a little sooner